

The Nation.

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The Week.

The Supreme Court's decision in the lottery cases was handed down on Monday—regrettably, by a closely divided court—and marks a new affirmation and exaltation of the power of Congress over commerce of all kinds between the States. Those who have asked whether the power of Congress in that particular has been exhausted, are now answered definitely that it is not. Under this decision, it extends absolutely to all forms of commerce to which the people, acting through Congress, will that it be extended. That is the gist of the prevailing opinion. It goes frankly to the length of asserting that the power to "regulate" interstate commerce is the power to prohibit it altogether. "May not Congress," asked Judge Harlan, in the majority opinion, "for the protection of the people of all of the States, and under the power to regulate interstate commerce, devise such means within the scope of the Constitution and not prohibited by it as will drive the traffic out of commerce between the States?" His answer was decidedly in the affirmative; and the finding of the Court was that, "under its power to regulate commerce among the several States, Congress—subject to the limitations imposed by the Constitution upon the exercise of the powers granted—has plenary authority over such commerce, and may prohibit the carriage of such tickets from State to State; and that legislation to that end and of that character is not inconsistent with any limitation or restriction imposed upon the exercise of the powers granted to Congress."

But if individuals may be penalized for sending lottery tickets across State lines, and express companies punished for carrying them, corporations may be penalized for engaging in any other form of interstate commerce which Congress may deem to be pernicious, and railways may be fined and otherwise punished for acting as their carriers. In other words, we have in this decision of the Supreme Court an explicit answer to the question which Attorney-General Knox asked in his speech about Trusts in Pittsburgh on the 14th of last October. This was whether Congress might not so extend the Interstate Commerce law as to destroy monopolies by prohibiting the distribution of their products. Mr. Knox openly put the query whether, in such a case, the Supreme Court would not hold that the power to regulate implied the power to prohibit. The decision in the lottery cases gives him his answer. If Congress chooses to pass an act excluding any class of goods from interstate commerce, the Supreme Court will not declare it unconstitutional.

Judge Grosscup's decision in the so-called Beef Trust case amounts to a bare statement that the acts of the combination of butchers and packers, the defendants in the case, fall within the terms and prohibitions of the Sherman anti-Trust act. This is the act of July 2, 1890, "to protect trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies," the penalty for violating which is a fine not exceeding \$5,000, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, in the discretion of the court. The acts of which the defendants have been guilty, as the court finds, consist in an agreement to refrain from bidding against each other in the purchase of cattle; in bidding up the price artificially to induce large shipments, and then ceasing from bids in order to depress the price; in agreeing upon the prices and quantities of meats to be shipped, and generally in suppressing competition in the meat trade. These acts are certainly prohibited by the Sherman law in all cases where they relate to commerce between the States. Moreover, the Sherman act itself has been passed upon by the Supreme Court, and held to be Constitutional in terms broad enough to embrace the questions at issue before Judge Grosscup. Although grounds for an appeal may be found, there is little doubt that the present decision will stand, and that the defendants will be liable to fine and imprisonment if they repeat the acts which are now enjoined by the court.

To infer that an act which is prohibited by law and enjoined by the courts will not be performed, would be contrary to experience. In this case, there were large profits to be obtained by a combination of the butchers and packers to put an end to competition in the buying of cattle and in the selling of meats. The men in the combination do not consider it wrong to make such an agreement. They see dozens of other combinations operating on the same principle, some of which are more extensive than their own. They are prompted by the prospect of gain to find ways to circumvent the law, and they are not restrained therefrom by any moral consideration. The Interstate Commerce act forbids the making of secret rates and the giving of rebates by railway companies, yet the law has been systematically and continuously violated from the day of its enactment till a very recent date, and is probably violated in some parts of the country now. One of the complaints against the beef men was that they were receiving secret rebates from railways. Are we warranted, then, in supposing that the beef combination will be broken up, or that the acts complained

of will cease, merely because a Federal judge has issued an injunction against them? It would be contrary to all that we know of similar combines to suppose so. What form the beef combination will next take we cannot foresee, but it may be a combination like the Sugar Trust or the Steel Trust. The amount of money at stake is too large to be surrendered at the end of the first engagement.

If the Senate of the United States likes being taken publicly by the throat, as it is now in the sight of the whole country by Quay and Morgan, we do not see that any one need waste pity on the way it is being brought into contempt. It is an old story for Quay. At least twice before he has plucked the venerable Senate by the beard and forced it to surrender. Once it was in order to prevent some constituents of his from having to take a contract for ship-armor at a lower rate than they desired. The other occasion when he played highwayman and compelled the Senate to throw up its hands was at the time of the passage of the tariff bill of 1894. With the rules wide open for such unscrupulous abuse, what is to be expected when the unscrupulous man comes along to take advantage of them? Some way out of this particular crisis may be found. Senators hate an extra session as schoolboys hate being kept after hours; and they will move heaven and earth to avoid it. But the opportunity to strangle public business in the interest of private scheming will remain as long as the Senate refuses to adopt rational rules of procedure. By whatever door you go in, there you always come out. In the public interest, as well as for the sake of its own self-respect, the Senate should conform to the usage of deliberative bodies in all civilized countries, and not remain at the mercy of any obdurate or piratical member, or of a tireless *vox et præterea nihil*.

The ice gorge in the Senate becomes tighter and more perplexing every day. Included in the mass are three financial measures of importance—the Aldrich bill for the deposit of public money in banks, the Philippine currency bill, and the Fowler bill. The first is the one of most importance at this juncture, and the most likely to pass without delay if reached. It is a measure to enable this Government to do what all other governments do—to put the unused portion of its daily collections in places where it will be at the service of the business community. If all the railroads in the country should adopt the practice of putting their gross receipts in a cavern, paying out only the amounts needed for

operating expenses and lending their surplus only on United States bonds as collateral security, the situation would be substantially what we now have, and everybody would pronounce it idiotic. Now that a bill for a more rational system has been reported by competent authority, people are wondering why we have not amended it long ago, and why we ever endured the cavern system at all. The answer to the latter question is that there was a quarrel in Washington three-quarters of a century ago which resulted in the Sub-Treasury system—a political quarrel, not a financial one—and that although every vestige of the old quarrel has disappeared, the Sub-Treasury system has never been changed. This fact attests our conservatism rather than our common sense. The Aldrich bill will pass if the ice gorge in the Senate breaks, or if it can be extricated from the mass, since nobody is really opposed to it. The Philippine currency bill is not in so good a position. Here the two houses are in conflict with each other, and, in addition to the original causes of variance, a new one has been added in the form of a plan for a new international silver conference, which the Senate has added as an amendment, but which the House Committee has rejected. If the Philippine bill fails completely, its loss will be due to this amendment.

There is point in Senator Burton's sarcasm about the need of having a "committee on publication" in connection with the secret sessions of the Senate. The profound secrets of the Senate's executive sessions leak out as promptly and regularly as those of a gossiping village tea-table. They are as constantly telegraphed, and with as much accuracy, as the ordinary proceedings of open sessions. Senators are, of course, on their honor not to "divulge," but they really blab everything like so many school girls. Moreover, there is a continual controversy over what is executive business of the Senate and what is not. The habit is growing upon the more irresponsible members of blurring out their views on all subjects, supposedly covered with a veil of secrecy or not. When they themselves thus treat the secrecy of the Senate as an absurd survival, why should the public preserve any respect for it? The truth is that it is necessarily outgrown with the growth of the Senate. The form may be maintained, but the substance is gone. You might as well expect a town-meeting to be really secret as the Senate.

Whatever else may be said of President Roosevelt's negro appointments, it is obviously beside the mark to say of them that they are made in order to win votes in the next Republican Convention. We had supposed it to be so plain that votes would be lost, rather than won, that we were surprised to find a

speaker at the Maryland Society dinner on Friday night accusing the President of delegate-hunting in the South. He must be wholly unaware of the revived Hanna propaganda and its rationale. That the Ohio Senator will have nearly all the Southern delegations at his disposal is the understood thing in Washington. He never affronted Southern sentiment, and angered the Republican machine in the South, by naming educated and independent negroes for office. Mr. Hanna gave them his political ruff-raff, black and white, and the South took that as a matter of course. What has inflamed race prejudice anew is not negro appointments *per se*, but high-class negro appointments. When Mr. Roosevelt singles out a few colored men who have made themselves intellectual and moral leaders, and bids negroes take them as models, the spirit of caste is mightily stirred up. The brutish, unaspiring black man it does not mind, but the recognition of the negro who has risen fills it with unreasoning fear.

A circular requesting Southern negroes to contribute to a fund to promote Senator Hanna's bill for pensioning ex-slaves bears as its only evidence of good faith its rhetoric, which is unmistakably African, and not that of the Republican headquarters. This appeal is issued from "the Supreme Headquarters of the Ex-Slave Mutual Relief Association," etc. It is signed, among others, by a "supreme national deputy promoter." It asserts that Mark Hanna is "a man of might and power," and (the single lapse into the common political style) that "victory is perched on our banner." All that is needed to make this perch a permanent roost is the slight contribution by all persons of color of a dollar, to be used "in the agitation of our causes." Agreeing with the circular that Senator Hanna is a man of "might and power," we assume that he will use every effort to expose and expel this fraud which is perched on his pension bill.

Mr. James Breck Perkins, Representative in Congress from the Monroe district of this State, and a supporter of tariff reform, is not without honor in his own city and party. He is a Republican of the stalwart kind, but he does not advocate duties on articles which need no protection. He does not make the tariff a fetish. He has introduced in Congress a bill to place lumber, coal, beef, and hides on the free list, and in doing so he made an appropriate speech which has received the cordial endorsement of the Eighteenth Ward Republican Club of Rochester, who have given him a vote of thanks and an invitation to a public reception at some date to be fixed by himself, soon after the expiration of his present term of office.

Mr. Perkins is the best type of the scholar in politics. He did not find it necessary to lay aside any part of his manhood when he accepted a renomination, or any part of his convictions after he was elected. It is encouraging to perceive that his constituents stand by him. Mr. Perkins will be a member of the next Congress also.

Gen Grosvenor's latest attempt to serve the Shipping Trust has brought him and it only fresh disappointment. His own Committee would have none of him, or of his unblushing scheme to help the Shipping Trust pay for the English ships which it bought at three times their value. Subsidies have always a suspicious air, but when it comes to voting doles to a gigantic combination of which foreign governments stand in awe, we touch the very sublimity of shameless greed. That the dose was too much for some of Grosvenor's Republican associates is matter of congratulation. They have killed the bill, not only for this session, but, as we believe, for all time. The Shipping Trust will have to sail on its own bottom.

The preponderance of evidence leads us to believe that the trade of the country has actually outrun its means of transportation, and that the shortage is not merely of cars and locomotives, but of trackage as well. New calls are constantly made upon the money market for means to enlarge the facilities of existing railways. The most significant of these is the recent announcement by the Pennsylvania Railway Company of its purpose to double its capital. The freight blockade on this railway has been so severe and protracted that the company has been obliged to discontinue its fastest train to Chicago. Surely nothing but dire necessity could have dictated that curtailment of its passenger traffic. With the approach of spring the abnormal demand for coal will cease, and we shall then be better able to judge whether the freight blockade is temporary or permanent. If it turns out to be persistent, it will supply the advocates of canal enlargement in this State with an argument far more weighty than any which they have yet employed. Heretofore they have urged the necessity of an enlarged waterway in order to regulate the rates. If it shall appear that the facilities of existing railways are not sufficient for the prompt movement of the freight offered to them—in short, that the demand for transportation exceeds the supply—then the public demand for an enlarged canal will be more imperative than before. We incline to the opinion given by Professor Sumner of Yale that the present prosperity of the country, of which the freight blockade is the most striking symptom, is likely to go on unchecked

for some time to come because it results from the development of natural resources.

In several States besides Vermont, local-option sentiment is making headway. A thousand citizens of New Hampshire, many of them former advocates of prohibition, appeared before the House Committee on Liquor Laws at Concord a fortnight ago to urge the repeal of prohibitory laws. In Tennessee, another State where the liquor question has been a very live issue, the situation is somewhat peculiar. A general local-option law, which had passed the House, was rejected by the Senate, but both houses concurred in a law which is, in effect, an extension of the local-option principle. Under its provisions any town of more than 2,000 population can become "dry" if it gives up its charter and reincorporates. A number of cities, including Gallatin, Union City, and Trenton, have at once taken steps to avail themselves of this privilege. Still farther South, in Mississippi, Bishop Galloway's declaration for local control of the liquor traffic has caused wide discussion, for the Bishop in former years was the head and front of the prohibition cause in the State. "There are those who assert that the distinguished churchman has sounded the death-knell of statutory prohibition in Mississippi," says the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger*. "There are many others who hope and trust that it is true."

Close upon the sensational debt-collecting expedition of England and Germany, follows an award of \$700,000 to American claimants, made by the highest Venezuelan court. The decision was highly honorable to the judges, for the case was that of a concession granted by a previous government and subsequently revoked in part. A verdict for the claimant, under these circumstances, seems to show that foreigners may count upon receiving justice in Venezuela. The English and German Governments, which have acted upon the contrary theory, would doubtless hold that recent events have expedited the course of Venezuelan justice. But diplomacy is bound to consider not motives, but facts; and the present fact bears out the reply of the Venezuelan Foreign Minister to the British ultimatum of December 9. Dwell upon the financial difficulties arising from the state of civil war, the representative of Venezuela said:

"When peace is declared, which will be soon, there will be no need to remind the Government of the republic to fulfil its financial engagements, because it is well aware of its duty in this respect, without any necessity for pressure or coercion which are contrary, as your Excellency will understand, to the laws of mutual respect and healthy cordiality."

"Smooth words," a cynical observer

might object; but which is the inferior nation?

There is a delightful and mathematical simplicity in President Castro's method of meeting his payments under the protocol. His creditors are to take 30 per cent. of the customs receipts. *Caramba!* he raises all the duties 30 per cent., claps on an export duty, and stands pat—all this by decree. Certainly President Castro needs the aid of Mr. Carnegie or any other Teutonic financier as little as he craves the praise of the German poets. Tariffs, however, refuse to be governed by axioms, and it is perfectly possible that he will find that 30 per cent. of his new whole is less than 30 per cent. of his old part. But pay he must somehow, and doubtless will cheerfully, for he has made a stir out of all proportion to his own importance or that of the nation upon which he has imposed his rule.

In the British Parliament on Friday it was brought to Mr. Balfour's attention that thirty-three of his Cabinet Ministers held sixty-eight company directorships. He brushed aside the insinuation with rather more than his usual jauntiness. "Why not?" he said. "I have absolute confidence in my colleagues' devotion to the public service. Only on the basis of absolute confidence in Ministers can the business of the country proceed." Mr. Balfour cannot have meant that a Minister should retain any business position which might tend to influence his official action. He would undoubtedly find an impropriety in the appointment, for example, of Mr. John D. Rockefeller to be Secretary of our new Department of Commerce, or of Mr. C. H. Cramp to be Secretary of the Navy, while he would probably defend Secretary Root's five directorships in various trust companies, etc., on the ground, first, that the companies with which he is connected have no interest in the administration of the War Department, and, second, that there was no question of Mr. Root's complete devotion to the public service. One might accept this view in the individual instance and still dissent vigorously from the argument that it is proper for any Cabinet Minister to retain an active connection with any business that is likely to be the recipient of special favors from Government. Mr. Balfour's demand for plenary confidence does not meet the case. One may freely admit, say, that the American Surety Company, in which Mr. Root is a director, might some day serve the Government as J. P. Morgan & Co. did in connection with the public loan of 1898, and yet no suspicion of any sort attach to Mr. Root, without admitting that a Minister ought to be put in such a position. And even Mr. Balfour would hardly contend that such an affair as the Kynochs scandal of last March (in which it appeared

that Mr. Chamberlain's enterprising kinsmen had traded in his prestige as well as in lyddite at an extortionate price) is wholly consistent with any theory of confidence in the Ministerial character.

No Cabinet Minister will go far wrong who follows the example set by Bismarck. The Machiavellian Chancellor, Mr. Sidney Whitman writes in his recent 'Personal Reminiscences,' once found himself during critical negotiations with Russia a large holder of Russian bonds. These he promptly sold, although a firm believer in their value, at a considerable loss. His explanation of the act was the simplest: "I did not think it consonant with the etiquette of my position as German Chancellor to be personally interested in Russian stocks at such a critical juncture." *A fortiori*, he would hardly have connected himself with the management of a public service corporation at any juncture.

In his characteristic way of taking all knowledge for his province, the Emperor William has been enlightening his anxious subjects in the matter of Christian theology. For a man of whom it might be said that knowledge is his forte and omniscience his foible, it must be said that his deliverance does not seem very impressive at this distance. It reminds one too vividly of Pascal's pleasantry, "Je suis devenu grand théologien en peu de temps, et vous en allez voir des marques." The Kaiser merely echoes the ordinary utterance of the higher critics of the Old Testament. They assert, as stoutly if not as dogmatically as he, that modern investigation does not touch the essentials of religious faith. Very likely not, in their minds or in his; but it cuts at the root of popular theology, beyond any question, and that is what the row is all about.

Many times before the present the Porte has accepted European demands for reform, and reform has gone no further than acceptance. Accordingly, the rumored acquiescence in the Austro-Russian stipulations has changed the situation only to this extent, that the Sultan has shown that he does not desire war. The programme of reform—the appointment of an "inspector" over the Macedonian and Albanian provinces, the re-officering of the local troops with European nominees, and the recruiting of the soldiery from the Christian as well as the Muslim population—would do much to relieve the situation, if it were honestly put into effect. But who believes that the Sultan will actually place the troops on his northern frontier under Christian officers, or dilute his Turkish forces with Grecian and Bulgarian recruits?

REPUBLICAN CONSISTENCY.

Thackeray once took off his hat in the Reform Club, and bowed low to John Bright, who was passing. When asked why he did it, he said that he wished to express his reverence for "the most consistent statesman whom I know." Could he, or any other independent moralist, salute the Republican party today for a like reason? In the fundamental policy which gave it birth, and which it still professes to advocate—equal rights for all, white or black—has it to-day that clear and consistent attitude which alone can nerve its arm and make its moral port impressive?

We are moved to ask these questions in view of current discussions of the negro question in this country. In one way and another it has come rapidly to the front in the past few weeks. At public meetings of various kinds, in many pulpits on Washington's Birthday, the issue of the negro's political rights has been made the theme of debate. We shall certainly hear much more of it. Politically, the subject of negro disfranchisement in the South is bound to have great prominence in the next Congress. In many Republican quarters we hear again the old clear note of human liberty. The President's attitude, with that of the Senate, in the case of the few select negroes whom he has named for Federal office, has aroused thought and provoked an agitation which bids fair to go to the root of things. It almost seems as if the old moral fervor of the Republican party, in all that relates to human rights and equal opportunity, might be rekindled.

Just as the flame begins to leap up, however, a wet blanket is cast upon it. It is thrown by the Southern challenge of Republican sincerity. At the very moment when Northern speakers and preachers, taking courage from the President's bold stand for fair play for the negro, are beginning to reassert the old doctrine that all men are equal in the sight of God, and should be made equal before human law, an overwhelming retort comes from the South. It was put into words at the dinner of the New York Southern Society on Saturday night. One of the speakers, Mr. Braxton of Virginia, denied that the white men of the North really believe in the Fifteenth Amendment. The moment, he said, it was proposed to apply that doctrine of the political and legal rights of an inferior race—to apply it logically and all around—the "loudest advocates of it in the North stood aghast and retreated." They shrank from enforcing it, the speaker said, in "our new insular possessions." There they frankly accepted what the majority of white men in the South accept—namely, the right of a superior race to do as

it will with an inferior race. With what face, then, can the Republican party reproach the South, or go to work to penalize it in the matter of representation in Congress, for doing just what a Republican Administration has been doing as a matter of course in another part of American territory?

There is more involved than mere political consistency. That may be explained away, or ignored, or got over. But human rights cannot vary, under the same flag and the same Constitution, with degrees of either latitude or longitude. If we are going to breathe again the aspirations of a Gov. Andrew, or a Sumner, or a Lincoln in behalf of the black man, we cannot omit to do it for the brown man. If we mean to insist that the negro be allowed to rise, we cannot put fetters upon the Filipino who has risen. Unless our skirts are clear in Manila, we cannot assume moral indignation towards Charleston. This is a truth which the Republican leaders cannot for a moment afford to forget. They cannot enter upon a struggle for equal rights at home, and the suffrage and an opportunity for the poorest negro, without being ready to concede in the Philippines what they demand in the South. There are subtle affinities and deep-lying unities in all this great matter which we should hope have not escaped the attention of President Roosevelt. Where has he had his warmest support in upholding the cause of the negro, as a man for a' that? Precisely from those men and newspapers that have steadily opposed the new policy of conquest and enslavement in the Orient. It is the Imperialist Republicans, the exploiters and dominators, who ask impatiently why Mr. Roosevelt wanted to go and make such a row about a few negroes in office. They would be quite content, and consistently enough, to have the inferior race in the South robbed of its political rights as coolly as the Filipinos have been, and to say that anybody who objects is a marplot, and a fomentor of "trouble between the races."

What do serious men mean when they speak of superior and inferior races? They surely cannot mean the accident of color. A colored man himself, Mr. Booker Washington, gave on his namesake's birthday a definition that puts all such unreal distinctions to shame. The superior race, he said, is that which has "learned to exhibit the greatest patience, the greatest self-control, the greatest forbearance, the greatest interest in the poor and unfortunate, and has been able to live in a high and pure atmosphere and dwell above hatred and acts of cruelty." That must be always the measure, not the mere chance superiority of position or power. Those who now boast themselves of belonging to a race which is superior *per se*, would do well to look to the pit whence they were digged.

They should re-read what Tacitus said of their ancestors in the swamps of Germany, and recall the truthful words of Pitt: "We Britons were once as obscure among the nations of the earth, as savage in our manners, as debased in our morals, as degraded in our understandings, as those unhappy Africans are at present." Such considerations show what the argument of race evolution amounts to. Superiority is nothing but superior achievement, and achievement depends upon opportunity and liberty. They, however, mean the same thing in the Philippines that they do in the Southern States, and cannot be secured to the negro if they are denied to the Tagal.

"UNANIMOUS CONSENT" IN THE SENATE.

In the course of the sharp interchange of epithets in the House last week, when the conference report on the Army Bill was under debate, Congressman and Speaker-to-be Cannon made a remark about the Senate's methods of transacting business. The Senate, he said, "passes all bills by unanimous consent; and gentlemen know what that means." At the very moment, Senators were themselves struggling, at the other end of the Capitol, with the question of their own parliamentary rules. Ought they to adopt the closure, or ought they not? Should their presiding officer be clothed with the powers which are inherent in the office of every other presiding officer known to man—the power to make debaters discuss the question before the house and speak to the point—or should the present system be continued, and the public business be put at the mercy of every leather-lunged Senator who takes and holds the floor for a week or a month, as he pleases?

The existing plight of the Senate would certainly seem to call for some heroic remedy. Old traditions have received blow after blow. The snug little privy council has grown to a body of ninety members, and some of them delight to trample upon the ancient amenities. The "courtesy of the Senate"—what a sarcasm lurks in the phrase, with Quay and Morgan just now posing as chief pinks of politeness! The Pennsylvania Senator is as courteous as any gentleman burglar that ever flashed a dark-lantern in the face of his victim, but he is also as audacious and relentless. He keeps his grip upon the throat of Senate business, in defiance of the leaders of his party and of the weightiest judgment of the Senate. Apparently nothing can shake him loose. And Senator Morgan blithely sets out to deliver large sections of the history of the world, under the guise of a speech against the Panama Canal Treaty, with the frankly avowed object of talking to death a measure which an overwhelm-

ing majority of his colleagues are eager to vote for at once.

One would say that the situation must seem intolerable to the men who suffer from it. But no—they like it! Their discussion of the question of a change in the rules made it clear that no change can yet be made. Unlimited debate would surely ensue upon any proposal to limit debate. Much was gravely said about the sacred duty of preserving in this wicked world one “forum of open debate.” If it were really debate, we might say amen. But not even the courtesy of the Senate can call that debate which is plainly obstruction, or pretend that the country is any more interested than the empty seats in the Senate chamber are in the prosing of a Depew inventing history as he goes along, or in the continual dropping of a Morgan through nine times the space that mortal men call day. An English Chancellor, once, observing a tedious Lord yawning in the midst of his own speech, remarked in an aside, “Really, the fellow begins to show some taste. But he ought to leave that to us.” Certain it is that the Senate and the public have long yawned portentously at the time-destroying and patience-exhausting methods tolerated by the Senate rules. Why, then, do the powerful leaders of the Senate cling to them so tenaciously?

The real reason is that they know that their control of the public business, and so the consolidation of their own power, depends upon a continuance of the present system. Senator Lodge came pretty near confessing the truth when he said that, complain as you will, the fact remains that the majority of the Senate always has its way—or, rather, he added, “a majority of the majority.” He put this in to forestall the retort of Senator Quay, who has an apparent majority of the Senate at his back, but not a majority of the majority party. Tested by the history of bills in the Senate, Lodge’s statement is quite wide of the fact. Many laws have been passed, or have failed to pass, in spite of the wish of the majority of the dominant party—the repeal of the silver-purchase act, in 1893, for example. But the Massachusetts Senator was, after all, close upon a revelation of the truth. His words pointed to the rule of an oligarchy, and precisely such a rule it is to which the Senate is now subject. In the hands of a half-dozen Senators, more or less, lies the shaping of the great measures of legislation, the decision which shall pass and which shall die, with a command over even the minor bills which very few on the outside suspect.

Now, what is it that gives to this handful of men such enormous power? Is it their superior judgment, their ability in debate, their weight of moral character? The answer is clearly in the

negative when we say that Senator Aldrich is the most powerful of these all-powerful leaders. What they grow great upon is seniority in service and the consequent favored committee positions; and the very chaos of Senate procedure they rely upon to give them their great advantage of control. This is what Mr. Cannon meant when he said that business in the Senate was transacted by unanimous consent. Everybody has first to be “squared.” When Senator Aldrich politely rises to express the hope that there will be no objection to his bill to rearrange the finances, or what not, “gentlemen know,” as Congressman Cannon said, what lies in the background. There lies a perfected system of *do ut des*. The “steering committee” has bought off all objectors. It has flung them this public-building bill or that private-pension claim. In that way the leaders arrange the affair and complete their control. Hence we see why they wish no efficient rules of debate. The greater the confusion, the more prolonged the delay, the more extreme the crush of business, the more imminent the failure of bills necessary to carry on the Government, the finer their opportunity. They ride the whirlwind and direct the storm—all in the secrecy of their committee rooms—and do it by apportioning to each Senator his meat in due season, not forgetting a generous share for themselves, since they, having to work harder than their fellows, naturally have more voracious appetites. That is the real meaning of “unanimous consent” in the Senate. Unlimited debate places unlimited power in the hands of an oligarchy. That is the ultimate fact which must be taken into account in all discussions of the Senate’s absurd rules.

M. QUAY, REFORMER.

At last reform has triumphed in Pennsylvania. The delay has been long and disheartening. We confess that there have been times during the last ten years when we seriously wondered whether the spirit of independence could ever be awakened in that State. Political crimes which would have aroused the people of almost any other commonwealth to frenzied activities, have brought forth but languid protests in Pennsylvania. When, a couple of years ago, the Common Council of Philadelphia, acting under temporary authority granted for the purpose by the Legislature, voted away, for nothing, franchises for which a single citizen offered to pay two million and a half of dollars, we did think that some semblance of public spirit might be awakened. A number of Philadelphia newspapers spoke out quite boldly, after that grab, and a Citizens’ League began to organize a movement which was at least hopeful. But it came to nothing. Too many men of light and leading held stock in the

ring speculations. The usual machine victories were recorded. The reform forces disintegrated. Men shook their heads and said it was impossible to defeat the Republican gang. There was no leadership, they said.

But all this is changed now. Reform in Pennsylvania has a leader. He is experienced, he is resourceful, he knows a “useful” man when he sees one, he is not unknown to fame, and his name is Quay. He has been in the reform business now more than a year. It began with the Governorship. A former Quay henchman aspired to this high office, and brought as his credentials a long list of services duly rendered. But Quay would not hear of it. Some said that he feared the growing power of the Harrisburg ring, but we now know that Quay had determined that only good men should hold high office. The former henchman became defiant, but this only intensified Quay’s devotion to his new ideals. Judge Pennypacker was nominated for Governor, and all the anti-Quay Republicans rushed to his support. It was a famous victory. During the campaign Mr. Pennypacker announced his opinion that Quay was a greater man than Webster or Clay, and in his inaugural address he administered a stern rebuke to those who heedlessly criticise great men, Senators and the like. Thus was Quay early rewarded for donning the garments of virtue.

And, finding them becoming, he continues to wear them. There was talk of a Citizens’ candidate for Mayor in Philadelphia this winter. Mayor Ashbridge’s administration had exhausted the patience even of those Philadelphia patriots who annually, by electing thugs to office, “uphold the hands” of McKinley or Roosevelt; or whoever it happens to be. Durham, the Quay leader in Philadelphia, might not have minded such a movement, for he is resourceful in the lower wards, but he did not know his Quay. When it was announced that District Attorney Weaver would be nominated for Mayor, it was seen that all need of a Citizens’ movement was thus avoided. The Municipal League indorsed him. He was elected on Tuesday week by the splendid plurality of 136,000, and it is estimated that in many wards far more votes were cast for him than there are voters.

So also in Pittsburgh. Quay, the Boss, had long been troubled by political conditions in that city. In fact, he had been quite unable to prevent the success there of Republican leaders hostile to himself. But Quay, the Reformer, has no such difficulty. Mr. Hays, the Citizens’ candidate, was triumphantly elected Mayor there last week. Nothing disturbs the complete satisfaction which all good Americans must feel in this result, except some proofs, inconveniently made public, that several of the local news-

papers were bribed by Quay's friends to support Hays.

One of the best things about a reformer like Quay is that he is industrious and practical. We all know the stuff the average reformer is made of. His head is in the clouds, and he does not attend to details. He gets a bill introduced in the Legislature, and forgets to appear in favor of it before the committee at the hearing. He has absurd scruples against adopting time-honored methods. Quay is hampered by none of these defects. The returns of February 17 show no weakness in the Philadelphia wards which increased their Republican vote from less than 2,000 in 1900 to more than 5,000 in 1902. The increases since 1902 have perhaps not been quite in proportion, but the standard has been maintained. In no case has the vote been permitted to sink back into any relation whatever to the population. Everything seems to have been thought of and attended to. In short, Quay has demonstrated that he is efficient. This is the highest praise for a reformer. Of course, under present circumstances, Pennsylvania's good citizens will consent to give up one plan which formerly interested them: they used to talk of a personal registration law as a means of fighting Quay. Now that Quay is one of them, the whole thing seems unnecessary. This opinion, we understand, is shared by no less an authority than Quay himself.

THE PLIGHT OF ST. LOUIS.

All students of politics and lovers of good government should read an article by Mr. Lincoln Steffens, in *McClure's Magazine* for March, which is rather startlingly entitled "The Shamelessness of St. Louis." Why St. Louis should be considered shameless above other cities that have let themselves be governed by scoundrels, will appear when it is noted that in St. Louis alone has the cycle of political corruption swung full, producing upon the machine and the quiet body of honest citizens alike its inevitable disintegrating result. In no other instance, on a large scale, has the machine been allowed to run its entire mortal course unhindered. New York cut down her Tweed in his heyday, and made it too hot for Mr. Croker before his dominion over the machine had fairly been shaken. Minneapolis has routed her boodlers, and is now dragging back ex-Mayor Ames to trial and apparently to certain punishment. In Philadelphia, perhaps, the powers of corruption have fortified themselves against internal dissension. But in St. Louis we have a complete and probably a unique example of ring government in its dotage and public opinion in its decrepitude.

How such demoralization has afflicted a proud city may be learned in Mr. Steffens's scornful pages. The "boodle" ring

was like any other ring. Col. E. R. Butler and his associated "good fellows," during and after the year 1898, got control of the city government, and began a careful sale of illegal privileges. Gradually becoming stronger, they began to charge a tariff for all the services that the city was bound to render to the citizen. If a railroad wanted a switch, a financial house a franchise, a household a permit to dig in front of his dwelling or for his block to be lighted—any of these ordinary rights had to be paid for handsomely. The holding up of corporations became a business, with its rules of procedure and etiquette. If there was a certain brutality in keeping the city dark for weeks until the bidders for the lighting contract had "come up" with \$175,000, there was delicacy in the action of Councilman Uthoff, who, holding the boss's retaining fee of \$25,000 to fight a traction contract, refused indignantly \$50,000 from the contractor, finally accepted \$100,000, and the next day returned the \$25,000 to Boss Butler, because he "had not earned it."

This transaction is typical, and pointed to the dissolution of the Butler ring, which was already in a bad way with fatty degeneration before Circuit Attorney Folk took a hand. Col. Butler's gains were inordinate, and at the very time when he was making a mockery of party government by naming both Republican and Democratic candidates, his own fellows, weary of dividing a tithe against the boss's nine-tenths, began boodling on their own account. Butler was powerless to stop the mutiny; apparently he hardly cared to stop it; for when the sale of franchises and other city assets was running up to \$50,000,000 worth, there was boodle enough for all. Great plans were on foot—the sale of certain markets and the transfer of the city water works to private hands. The rival "honest brokers" of franchises began to expose each other, and even to take legal proceedings that revealed wholesale bribery. A great mass of evidence against the ring was becoming accessible, but nobody cared to use it. The Republicans and Democrats, honest citizens generally, went on stolidly "voting the regular ticket," as the boodlers themselves uncovered the corruption of both parties. And this is the really appalling feature of the situation, as Mr. Steffens depicts it, that just as the machine was rickety from its own riotous living, the capacity for moral indignation which might have shattered it once for all was departed from the city.

One man did care, as everybody knows. Single-handed, Circuit Attorney Folk hammered at the ring, if he could not destroy it. Nobody knew much about him when the politicians nominated him. Certainly nobody suspected that he would fight the boodlers. It occurred to neither Col. Butler and his gang nor to the honest citizens of St. Louis that the bood-

lers could be fought. The sheer accident that a courageous man, who believed in the law he administered, was elected by the piratical fraternity, alone could have led to the exposures that now are a household tale. This mishap might easily have been prevented had it been anticipated, and to-day, while Col. Butler lies under conviction for bribery, his candidates are returned by the city of St. Louis, his creatures, frequently under conviction for crime, are kept by the law's delays in the City Council and State Legislature, and in Mr. Steffens's opinion the activities of the ring are merely suspended—for from this temporary discomfiture it may learn valuable lessons in the matter of making the power of public plunder genuinely cohesive.

New York certainly has little right to assume airs of superior righteousness, but has much to learn from St. Louis. There was, two or three years ago, every probability that the more astute members of Tammany Hall would improve upon the old Platt-Crocker alliance and control both the Republican and the Democratic organization. This process, of which there were only indications in New York, was actually accomplished by the St. Louis boodlers. Furthermore, there have been signs that both the inner Tammany ring and the police "system" have been going stale. The disproportionate gains of Croker and Devery were undoubtedly causing jealousy, and might have produced revolt. The inner rottenness of Tammany Hall was likely to impair its strength, just as the shamelessness of the franchise-jobbers of St. Louis made them vulnerable to Mr. Folk's attack. But the case of St. Louis shows that there could be no worse policy than to let political corruption perish of its own exceeding wantonness; for the cost of such a cure is the complete deadening of the sense of public decency. We see the city of St. Louis to-day where New York would be if its municipal salvation depended upon the single-handed efforts of Mr. Jerome. Upon him, by the way, it does depend, not beyond his deserts, but beyond all propriety. Nobody knows so well as those men who have dealt at first hand with the viler sort of corruptionist, that the only way to fight our vicious rulers is to fight them with steel, and not supinely to comfort ourselves because they are mortal and may die without issue.

THE ISLE OF PINES.

In the Senate the other day a resolution was adopted asking the President to define the status of the Isle of Pines; and last week in the House, Mr. Richardson, with that fine sense of property rights which he displayed in the affair of 'Messages and Speeches of the Presidents,' introduced a resolution declaring that this Cuban territory is lawfully

ours. But let us see about that. Under what title do we claim? What is the property, and why should there be just now this sudden eagerness to covet and acquire something that is our neighbor's?

Historically, the Isle of Pines has always been considered as much a part of Cuba as Nantucket is of the United States. Both islands lie at about the same distance from the mainland. The Cuban island, to be sure, is larger, having an area only slightly less than that of the State of Rhode Island; but it has always been held and governed as a part of Cuba. It is, in fact, a district of the province of Havana, both administratively and judicially. What possible shadow of a claim to this island, then, can the United States be supposed to have?

A tricky and indefensible claim has been set up under the Treaty of Paris. It has been maintained that the Isle of Pines was referred to in Article II. of that instrument, which recites that "Spain cedes to the United States the island of Porto Rico and other islands now under Spanish sovereignty in the West Indies." It would seem perfectly clear, and such we believe was the undoubted intent of the Commissioners, that this refers purely to the few small islands belonging to Porto Rico. "*The others*" is the Spanish phrase—"la isla de Puerto Rico y las demás." Moreover, the usual Spanish way of referring to Cuba is as among the Antilles, not the West Indies ("Indias Occidentales"). Language could hardly be chosen to make it plainer that Article II. contemplated exclusively the cession of Porto Rico and its adjoining islets.

But if not, and if this article of the Treaty really covered all "other islands" under Spanish sovereignty, what would follow? Apparently, that Cuba itself was ceded! Oh, but Article I. dealt with Cuba proper, providing for its "relinquishment," not cession, and Cuba's sovereignty we therefore religiously respect. Cuba was the one specified exception to the "other islands." But what a transparently shabby plea is this! If we are going to dissect out Cuba from an island and that has always been considered an integral part of her territory, why should we stop with the Isle of Pines? There are more than 1,300 other islands situate off the Cuban coast; why not claim all of them? Our title to them is just as valid as it possibly can be to the Isle of Pines. They are no more a part of Cuban territory than it is; and if the latter is lawfully ours, so are the former. But this necessary consequence of the strained interpretation of the Treaty of Paris, even the predatory Richardson shrinks from facing.

Much stress is laid in addition, however, upon the Platt amendment to the army bill of 1901. The sixth section of that measure stipulated that "the Isle of Pines shall be omitted from the pro-

posed constitutional boundaries of Cuba, the title thereto being left to future adjustment by treaty." But what, we ask, is the legal effect of that? If the Isle of Pines is ours by treaty of cession, it is sheer impudence in an army bill to propose to "adjust" its ownership. Since when did it become the fashion to cede territory of the United States, or to contemplate the possibility of its cession, in an appropriation bill? If the claim under the Treaty of Paris is valid, the Platt amendment is the most obvious *brutum fulmen* that ever issued. If not, it is only a mean and underhanded attempt to cozen Cuba out of property which is fairly her own. In any case, the Platt amendment is not of the slightest present force in the premises, since it went on to provide that its stipulations should be embodied by Cuba in "a permanent treaty with the United States." That has not been done.

The whole thing has a most ungracious look. Its being urged forward now has almost an appearance of spite. Cuba has got on in her independent life better than the wisecracks of our army believed to be at all possible. All their dire prophecies have gone unfulfilled. The island has been at peace throughout all its borders. It has a government which shows every sign of stability. The system of public schools and of sanitation which Americans introduced has been maintained; withal, by economy of administration, the Cuban Government has saved about \$1,500,000 of the annual expenditure under Gen. Wood. All this ought to be highly gratifying to us. But we seize the moment to put forward a vexing and unfounded claim, as if to provoke Cuba into some act or attitude of unfriendliness. It is not a generous thing to do. We hope to see the President, with his instinct of fair play, frown upon the whole ill-timed and ill-looking movement, which we believe to be without warrant of law and are certain is without warrant in morals.

THE IRISH LAND CONFERENCE.

DUBLIN, February 1, 1903.

Public interest is at present concentrated on the report made by a Conference held between four landlords, Lords Dunraven and Mayo, Messrs. Poë and Everard, Mr. T. W. Russell, and three National members of Parliament, John Redmond, William O'Brien, and T. Harrington, with the object of proposing some means by which the land question might be settled once and for ever. The conferrers could not be called representatives, for the landlord organization repudiated beforehand the landlords who took part in the Conference; and the National members were not directly selected by the tenant farmers to represent or treat for them. A unanimous report was received with surprise, and at first with approval from both sides to the quarrel; but subsequent examination and criticism have somewhat dulled that hastily given approbation.

One of the hardest-headed landlords at once pronounced the report of the Conference "bombastic, dangerous, and empty." Public opinion is coming round to that conclusion, although the conferrers and their supporters suggest that it is treason even to criticise their proposals. Divested of its plausible bombast, the scheme appears impracticable, foolish, and unjust. Without going into details, the proposal is, shortly, that the landlords are to be secured in the receipt of their present incomes by a State payment of a capital sum producing the same income at 3 per cent. The landlords' income is defined as "second-term" rents, less 10 per cent. for the cost of collection. Second-term rents are rents which have been fixed by the land courts once after 1881, and again after 1896; and where such rents have not been fixed, the proposal is that their "equivalents" shall be the basis of compensation. But there is no explanation of how this equivalent is to be ascertained. Besides the State thus securing their income to the landlords, it is to pay them all arrears of rent up to the date of the conversion of their rental into an income from stock, to pay all the costs of proving title to their estates, and to lend them money on the security of their mansions and demesnes. The terms are highly satisfactory to Irish land owners; they exceed their wildest expectations, and, wisely, there is very little criticism from their side.

For the tenants, the terms are not quite so satisfactory, but would, no doubt, be accepted by many as an immediate and final settlement. Every tenant is to become owner of his farm by payment to the State of a terminable annuity, which shall be less than his second-term rent or its "equivalent" by from 15 to 25 per cent. This terminable annuity is to be subject to a reduction every ten years, and the occupiers of land "are to be started on their new career as owners on a fair and favorable basis." All investigations into the title of owners to sell, of occupants to buy, and the expenses of the administrative and executive machinery, are to be paid by the State.

Putting this into figures, the owner of a £10 rent, variable every fifteen years under the present law, is to be given a security guaranteed by the State which will produce £9 a year at 3 per cent.—i. e., he is to get £300. The tenant, in place of being subject to the rent of £10, which, though variable in amount, is payable forever, is to become owner subject to a terminable annuity of £8, which shall be subject to periodical reductions. As the tenants' annuity will not pay the income to be secured to the landlord, nor provide a sinking fund for the gradual redemption of the stock, the Conference report suggests that "some assistance" might be given by the State. The upholders of the Conference report have been busy in the press, in speeches, in resolutions showing how this can be done without cost to any one, or what a small amount of assistance will be needed; and the discussion has in substance been as to how a quart can be got out of a pint pot. William O'Brien and T. W. Russell have explained in letters and speeches that their scheme will put no one to a penny of expense, but "no one" doesn't appear to include the general body of taxpayers.

The net rental to be dealt with under the Conference scheme is certainly not less

than 6 millions sterling. If the British Government undertook to pay the landlords in cash, it would have to raise 200,000,000 in round figures, and certainly could not get the money at less than 3 per cent. The tenants' annuities would, on the scheme's hypothesis, be about 4.75 millions, leaving a deficiency in interest of 1.25 millions, and no provision for redemption of the stock issued to raise the required funds. At 3 per cent., 2 millions a year would be required as a sinking fund to redeem the stock in forty-eight or fifty years, so that the whole charge to the taxpayers of the United Kingdom would be not less than 3.25 millions sterling a year. The report of the Conference seems based on the childish assumption that the State has unlimited amounts of money at its disposal without taking it from the taxpayers.

It is suggested that economies in the admittedly extravagant administration in Ireland might be applied to the purpose of ending the land war. But here the taxpayers' representative intervenes, asking why the money unnecessarily spent and now to be saved is to go into the pockets of the landlord class alone. Six years ago they were given £750,000 a year, or a capital sum of 25 millions, by being relieved of all their local taxation, which is now paid out of the Imperial exchequer. There are other claimants for the produce of economies in administration—education, public-health requirements, old-age pensions, the housing of the working and artisan classes, and the like. Why are the landlords to be given thirty years' purchase for agricultural rents which neither in England nor in Ireland will sell in the market for more than eighteen years' purchase? If a charge of 3¼ millions is put on the public for the benefit of the Irish landlords, who will pay it? Mainly the laboring artisan and industrial classes. Within the last five years taxes imposed on flour, corn, sugar, and coal have sensibly increased the cost of subsistence to the poorest classes. Can they and will they endure another squeeze, and will the Government venture to propose it for such a purpose? In short, as between Irish landlords and their tenants, it is proposed that for their present precarious, unpunctually paid, and diminishing incomes, the landlords shall receive an equal income from a gilt-edged stock, and that the tenants, in place of perpetual though variable rents, shall pay terminable annuities from 15 to 25 per cent. less than their present rents.

The conferrers airily say they "do not offer further recommendations upon the subject of finance, which must necessarily be regulated by the approval of the Government to the principles of their proposals." But in finance lies the whole crux. It is an easy solution of the question to propose that it shall be settled at the expense of those who have nothing directly to do with it. Michael Davitt has christened the Conference report "the Dunraven Treaty." Lords Dunraven and Mayo appear to have flattered and seduced the fiery Nationalist William O'Brien, who is now hard set to explain that he did not mean, in agreeing to the Conference report, what he appears to mean and to have said. William O'Brien and T. W. Russell have been the leaders of the movement for compulsory purchase during the last two years. Hun-

dreds of man have been or are now in prison for echoing their words and acting up to the principles expounded by them. T. W. Russell boasted that he should be liable to prosecution in Connaught for what he has said in Scotland and in Ulster. Yet these two have given away the whole case: they have been making for the last two years, by agreeing that the landlords are entitled to compensation at the rate of thirty-three years' purchase of their rental, that they have suffered heavily by the operations of the Land Acts, and that the sacrifice of sentiment involved in selling their estates should be the subject of compensation.

The political curve that O'Brien is executing may prove to be a circle, and end where he was two years ago, for he announces that, unless the forthcoming Land Bill give the tenant what he claims, he will take up arms again. Meantime his former colleagues, now his victims, are in prison: they would not be human if they did not feel betrayed, as they certainly have been forsaken, for this momentous Conference made no reference to their fate. Political prosecutions continue, and, though O'Brien has laid down his arms for the present, the Government has not laid down its arms. At best, and even on his own showing, O'Brien agreed to report in favor of more than the landlords' maximum demands, while he contented himself with asking for the minimum the tenants could expect.

To-day the *Irish Daily Independent*, a paper which has peculiar opportunities of knowing the intentions of the Government, announces that, as might have been expected, there is not the smallest intention of covering the hiatus between what the Conference report proposed the landlords should receive and the tenants should give, by a grant from the Imperial Exchequer. The Government are pledged to bring in a sweeping Land Purchase Bill; but if they offer a bonus to landlords as an inducement to sell, it will be a small one, and provided out of economies in Irish administration. Beyond the fact that William O'Brien and Lord Dunraven conferred in friendly council and agreed that the Irish land question might be settled by a grant of from fifty to one hundred millions sterling from the British Treasury, it is to be hoped that the doings of the Conference may be forgotten. O'Brien's hysterical pity for the landlords, "deprived of the incomes they are justly entitled to, suffering heavily by the operations of the Land Acts, ready for the public good to accept compensation for the sacrifice of sentiment involved in parting with their estates," for prices as far beyond the landlords' wildest hopes as beyond the market value of what they have to sell, will, so far as remembered, place him outside the ranks of consistent, practical, and trustworthy politicians.

AN IRISHMAN.

THE NEW OIL COLORS.

LONDON, February, 1903.

I do not know if the interest in M. Raffaëlli's Solid Oil Colors has been as great and as general in New York as in London, but here few matters of such purely technical importance have been as much talked about. The new colors were

announced months ago. Reports of what had been done with them in Paris were spread. Certain English dealers advertised that they held the monopoly for England; but when artists flocked to buy, there were still no colors to sell, and expectation grew all the keener. A show of work to prove their practical-worth was promised for the beginning of January; it was postponed until the end of the month. Altogether, the patent-pill man or soap manufacturer might envy M. Raffaëlli the advertisement he has enjoyed, partly by chance, partly owing to the eagerness of artists to put his invention to the test. However, his exhibition has at last opened in one of the smaller London galleries—the Holland, in Grafton Street—and there is an opportunity to judge from the most eloquent sort of evidence just what can be done with his colors.

By this time, I fancy, every one concerned knows that what M. Raffaëlli has invented is a preparation of oil colors in solid form, like pastels. He has taken some two hundred pure or mixed tints, and compressed them with a waxy medium into sticks. These are soft internally, but, applied to canvas, paper, or any other surface, they dry like ordinary oil colors in about the same time. The skin that forms over them, a protection really, can be rubbed off in the working, and without trouble even, it is asserted, if the colors have been laid aside for some time. These sticks can be used like colored chalks or like pastels; and they can be put on the canvas more or less solidly, worked over and into each other with a brush by means of any of the usual mediums, and, when dry, gone over again with the point of the brush. In fact, almost anything can be done with them. M. Raffaëlli's theory is that the accepted method of painting in oils with a brush is a barbarism; between the artist and the expression of his ideas, or rather of the beauty which he sees and wishes to express, there is ever a difficult technical process, sometimes so all-engrossing as to demand his entire attention. And then there is the palette to be prepared, and, afterwards, brushes to be cleaned, and work is involved with useless mechanical details, tedious and distracting. The less that comes between the artist and his picture, the more rapidly and directly he can say what he has to say, the greater freshness and spontaneity will he retain in the record of his impressions.

M. Raffaëlli's theory has been absurdly misinterpreted in London already. As every one knows, he has a tendency himself to use the brush charged with color as if it were pastel. Therefore, it has been objected that while his invention is, of course, eminently adapted to his own need, all it will do for other painters is to force them to borrow his technical mannerisms, and, by increasing their facility of production, help them to turn out twice as much work as they do now—an evil greatly to be deplored. The example of the conscientious man who gives years to perfecting one little picture is held up as a warning and a moral. The over-production of rubbish, it is true, has grown to be a serious enough evil without the assistance of M. Raffaëlli. But the power to work rapidly and to accomplish a great deal has never yet been held a crime when there was question of the masters, or else Dürer, Rembrandt, Titian, Tintoretto, and how

many others must long since have been proved guilty and condemned. This objection can be dismissed without further thought. Besides, to do M. Raffaëlli justice, all he has argued in favor of his colors is that the increased facility they bring means increased freedom in the artist's powers of expression, and it is towards this freedom that the development of art has ever tended. He seems to think he has but accomplished that which was dimly foreseen in Leonardo's question, "Why should we not paint with colors held in our fingers?" As to the other point, the effect the substitution of a stick of color for a brush charged with color will have in modifying or changing the style of the artist, it is settled very conclusively by the show just opened.

M. Raffaëlli has succeeded in obtaining pictures painted in his colors from many artists of many nationalities. From France came Besnard, Carrier-Belleuse, Steinlen, and himself; from Holland, Mesdag and Cassiers; from Scandinavia, Fritz Thaulow. The English artists are more numerous, though hardly as distinguished. The Academy is represented by Herkomer and Alfred East, and, of the men outside the Academy, Grosvenor Thomas is much the most accomplished. Several contributors, it must be admitted, have not gone to great pains to produce masterpieces. Of the greater number, that is—were the quality of the work alone considered—far better examples have been seen in other exhibitions. But there is hardly one who does not, in his own way, help to prove the wide range of the new medium; and this, after all, for the moment, is the great thing. It is only natural that M. Raffaëlli should have taken more trouble than the others to make a good showing. There are landscapes by him, characteristic streets, flowers—in fact, only his portraits are missing. And it is as natural that in these pictures he should have aimed at demonstrating all the possibilities of his colors. In one or two landscapes he has used them just as if they were pastels, and drawn with the point on paper, getting all the delightful qualities of pastel without the drawbacks of that fragile, friable medium. In other pictures he has worked with them as with a brush on canvas—it may be some final touches were put on with a brush—and the result is precisely that of an oil painting done in the ordinary way. Surface and texture are the same, nor does his color lose any of its delicacy in the gray harmonies he loves, nor any of its richness in the stronger effects he sometimes seeks, as in his flowers. If one did not know that there was a special reason for the exhibition, nothing in his work would suggest it. Nor would anything in the contributions of M. Besnard, who, however, seems to have gone out of his way to exhaust all the resources of the new colors within the limits of one small frame. He has a little nude against thick foliage, in which the figure looks as if it were washed in with water-color, while the trees, one would say, were pastel on a groundwork of oils. It is an admirable piece of work for M. Raffaëlli's purpose, but one wonders what the Morellian of the future will make of it, arguing that, because such a chaotic technique is not characteristic of Besnard at any period, therefore the painting cannot be his! No one else has been quite as adventurous. But the pictures that make up

the rest of the collection, among them, provide as much variety as even M. Raffaëlli could wish in proof of the value of his invention. M. Carrier-Belleuse sends a drawing of a ballet girl that would not be refused a place with the pastels at the Salon, and M. Thaulow pictures that would surely hang with the paintings. One man gets his effect with line, another with juxtaposed dots of colors in the manner of the Pointillists.

To sum up, each artist here exhibiting does just what he wants with the solid colors, using them in the fashion that suits him best, and he loses nothing of his individuality in the process. M. Raffaëlli, indeed, contends that, on the contrary, the artist, working with the new colors, "improves on himself and in his own peculiar vein." But allowance must be made for the enthusiasm of the inventor. A painter's individuality expresses itself despite his medium, not because of it. Improvement in technical processes never yet created the genius, however much it may have lightened his labors. But, anyway, the advantages of the solid colors are many enough, even if one does not go quite to the same lengths in their praise as M. Raffaëlli. Their great merit is, that they make for simplicity. Whether artists adopt them or not will be, I think, wholly a matter of personal liking—a question of preferring a stick to a brush; but those who do will find them of immense convenience, for they simplify all the mechanical part of painting. For sketching out of doors especially will the difference be felt when a piece of paper and a selection of the little sticks take the place of the old elaborate paraphernalia. The question still to be settled is whether the colors are permanent. There has not been time as yet to see. If they are, then I should say, and I know many painters agree with me, that M. Raffaëlli has contributed a genuine service to art and artists.

N. N.

Correspondence.

WHITMAN AND OREGON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your correspondent in the *Nation* of February 5 deprecated the reprinting of Senate Document 37 as ill-advised. I do not know what influences have been brought to bear to secure its reprinting, but I am sure that no inconsiderable number of those who are not averse to being classed as the "friends of Whitman" here in Oregon can only regret that any one has thought that the reprinting of this document was called for.

Permit me to say, however, in this connection that some of us here in Oregon, not "descendants of the missionaries," are not quite ready to accept without qualification your correspondent's estimate of the "utter obliteration of the [Whitman] legend by Prof. E. G. Bourne." If this obliteration mean a denial to Whitman of a large influence contributing to a solution of the Oregon question favorably to the United States, an influence beginning with his first coming to Oregon in 1836 and culminating with his part in the events of 1843, then we may be permitted to hold that "utter obliteration" is quite too strong a term.

In particular, one important piece of testimony to Whitman's influence in this matter has been left unaffected by Professor Bourne's criticism, except so far as it has been really strengthened by his reference of it to its probable source. On page 21 of 'Essays in Historical Criticism,' Professor Bourne says:

"The only evidence that has been advanced to show that the 'saving of Oregon' was attributed to Marcus Whitman before Spalding published his articles, is an extract from a book by a French traveller, De Saint-Amant, published in 1854; and this evidence is secured by the use of deceptive phrases in translating the passage. This writer is said to have 'published to his countrymen that Whitman, the missionary, was largely instrumental in saving Oregon to the United States.'"

The words quoted are from a memorial address by the present writer, which was published in the *Whitman College Quarterly*, December, 1897, and which, so far as I am aware, was the first use made of the testimony of Saint-Amant in this controversy. As to the use of deceptive phrases charged by Professor Bourne, I may say that the words of the original French were in my mind at the time this sentence was written, and with the full understanding of them as given in Professor Bourne's translation, on page 106. I am quite willing to rest my justification of the use I have made of the original in a simple appeal to Professor Bourne's own translation.

As to the probable source of Saint-Amant's information, I agree in the main with Professor Bourne. Saint-Amant was in Walla Walla in October, 1851, less than four years after the Whitman massacre. While there, he doubtless saw and conversed with the Catholic missionaries of that region, as he did with the Catholic missionaries elsewhere in Oregon. There is no reasonable doubt that here was the main source of his information. But this, in my judgment, makes his testimony the more important, for it makes it practically the testimony of these missionaries, than whom there were at that time nowhere keener, closer, or better qualified observers of the influences that were determining the ultimate event in which they, in common with Whitman, were deeply interested.

A peculiar interest is given this testimony by a letter, now in the files of the Indian Bureau at Washington, written by Charles Serruys to J. C. Spencer, Secretary of War, under date of Georgetown College, D. C., March 4, 1843, and enclosing a letter from the Rev. P. J. de Smet of Oregon, setting forth the "origin, progress, and prosperity of a settlement made among the Indian tribes in the Oregon Territory." This letter is important in this connection as showing that the Catholic authorities in Georgetown were in close communication with the Catholic missionaries in Oregon. The missionaries at Walla Walla were in a position, therefore, to know not only what was going on in their own neighborhood, but what was going on at Washington as well. Add to this, that in 1843 a body of Catholic missionaries from St. Louis travelled the route a little in advance of the immigration of that year, and that, on one occasion at least, Whitman carried back from these missionaries to the Oregon immigrants valuable information as to the route, and we get further insight into the opportunities these men had to observe the influences that were shaping events.

The important fact, then, still remains that the men who of all men on the field at the time were best qualified, by education and training, by interest in the event, and by their opportunities of observation, to weigh the forces of history, have left, through this publication of Saint-Amant's, this early testimony that "Whitman the missionary was largely instrumental in saving Oregon to the United States," or, if Professor Bourne's rhetorically stronger translation be preferred, "contributed in no small degree to promote annexation."

J. R. WILSON.

PORTLAND, OREGON, February 16, 1903.

CULTURE AND "COMMONNESS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The interesting "Observations in a Big University," by your correspondent "Agatha," raise anew the question as to the compatibility of Culture with universal education. Matthew Arnold, in the preface to his essay on 'Culture and Anarchy,' quotes from Renan as follows:

"The countries which, like the United States, have created a considerable popular instruction without any serious higher instruction, will long have to expiate this fault by their intellectual mediocrity, their vulgarity of manners, their superficial spirit, their lack of general intelligence."

This extract is followed by Mr. Arnold's own acceptable definition of Culture as "the disinterested pursuit of perfection."

Now unless it is possible for us to contradict M. Renan by demonstrating that we have in this country a class of people engaged in the disinterested pursuit of perfection, and that this class is increasing in proportion to the increase of college graduates, then "Agatha's" observations on the hordes of imperfectly qualified students who are flocking to the prominent universities of the West and threatening, like the barbarians of old, to overrun the inner defences of enlightenment, would seem to sustain M. Renan's prognostication, and to justify her alarm lest Culture is not holding its own as against "Commonness," in this section of the country at least.

If there is a remedy for so lamentable a condition, it must be found either in the universities themselves, or in the students to whom they award degrees. But in the prominent universities of the West the standards of admission and the requirements for a degree are about identical with those of the prominent universities of other sections. Their professors are, as a rule, able men, thoroughly equipped, finely accomplished, often strikingly original, and devoted to the dissemination of knowledge. If, therefore, in any large Western university the dissemination of knowledge is not accompanied by the spread of Culture, this cannot be due to failure on the part of the university to maintain a standard equal to the best American standards, or to any failure on the part of the professors to fulfil their duties in an adequate way. Is it, then, the student body who are responsible for the triumph of "Commonness" over Culture?

It may be that, tried by the highest standards, the average student of the universities of the Far West is somewhat uncouth in manner, rather unenlightened, and sometimes mistaken as to his or her true vocation. But they are far from dull or

negligent. They have set out to obtain an education—in true American fashion—regardless of obstacles, and their earnestness is often carried to the point of heroism. They are unflinching in attendance at lectures, anxiously attentive to their duties. Indeed, they frequently evince a nervous apprehension of "being flunked out of college," in striking contrast to the easy assurance of the Eastern undergraduate who pays a tuition fee.

Now if we cannot impugn the standards of the prominent universities of the Far West—and, as a matter of fact, their requirements for admission and for a degree are constantly increasing—nor the character of the teaching within them, and if of the student body we can say no worse than that "their reach exceeds their grasp," why is it that Culture—and even the outward and visible signs of Culture—are so little in evidence in a region where there is at least one college student or college graduate in almost every home? Can it be that M. Renan is right, and that our experiment in universal education is still in such a probationary stage that we are not yet in sight of the conditions where Culture shall neutralize "Commonness"?

Yours truly, FANNY PURDY PALMER.

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA, February 14, 1903.

INDEX MIRABILIS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Having occasion to consult the index to Alderson's 'Andrew Carnegie' (Doubleday, Page & Co., 1902), I am surprised to find that it apparently bears no relation to the text of the book. In no case have I been able to find anything bearing on a subject on the page to which reference is made in the index, neither do I find index entries to correspond to prominent subjects in the text. For example, the index contains "Skibo Castle, 203-206, 208-209." These pages in the text are made up of quotations from Mr. Carnegie's writings, with no reference to the castle. An index entry is "Libraries, free, 85, 164, 175-178, 184," but there is nothing about libraries upon any of these pages, although I find much unindexed matter relating to libraries in other parts of the book. On page 156 I find the story of Col. Anderson's kindness in lending books to the boy Carnegie, but the index reference is to page 175, where there is no mention of the colonel. I am unable to find any clue to the principle upon which the index is made. The only suggestion that comes to me is that the references are to the pages of the typewritten "copy." The publisher's explanation would be of interest. At any rate, they owe their customers an apology for selling them a book with an index which is not an index.—Yours very truly,

GARDNER M. JONES.

SALEM, MASS., February 21, 1903.

Notes.

Our recent review of Fletcher's critical edition of Carlyle's 'French Revolution' was based upon the London issue of Methuen & Co., as duly acknowledged. We now receive the work in three handy volumes from Messrs. Putnam, who are its publishers for this country. They will likewise cooperate

with Mr. Murray in the forthcoming 'Life and Times of Georg Joachim Goschen, Publisher and Printer of Leipzig,' by Viscount Goschen.

The author of 'Chimmie Fadden,' Edward W. Townsend, is to publish through Henry Holt & Co. 'A Summer in New York.'

'Stories of Old New Haven,' by Ernest H. Baldwin, lecturer in history at Yale University, will issue from the Abbey Press of this city.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s spring announcements include 'Texas,' in the American Commonwealths Series, by Prof. George P. Garrison of the University of Texas; 'William Ellery Channing,' by the Rev. John W. Chadwick; 'Phillips Brooks,' by William Lawrence, Bishop of Massachusetts; 'A Young People's History of Holland,' by the Rev. W. E. Griffis; 'Aids to the Study of Dante,' edited by Charles A. Dinsmore; 'The Enjoyment of Art,' by Carleton Noyes; 'The Flower Beautiful,' by Clarence M. Weed; an anthology of 'The Poets of Transcendentalism,' by George Willis Cooke; 'True Bird Stories from My Note-Books,' by Olive Thorne Miller; the Complete Poems of Alexander Pope, in the Cambridge Series; and 'His Daughter First,' a story by Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

Harper & Bros. have in press 'The Emperor's Speeches,' translated from the German of Emperor William by Wolf von Schierbrand.

D. Appleton & Co. have nearly ready 'Horace Greeley,' by William A. Linn; 'Millionaire Households and their Domestic Economy, with Hints upon Fine Living,' by Miss Mary Elizabeth Carter; and 'Trust Finance,' by Dr. E. S. Meade, of the Wharton School of Finance.

'Trees, Vines and Shrubs of the Northeastern United States,' by H. E. Parkhurst, and 'The Story of Oratorio,' by Annie E. Patterson, are announced by Charles Scribner's Sons.

The second volume of Professor Wiener's 'Anthology of Russian Literature' is in the press of Messrs. Putnam, along with 'The Gates of Silence, and Interludes of Song,' by Robert Loveman. Their forthcoming 'Little French Masterpieces Series,' edited by Alexander Jessup, will lead off with specimens of fiction, translated by George Burnham Ives, in six volumes, beginning with Mérimée. Each author will have an introduction—as, Balzac from Brunetière. Soon to appear is 'Penal Servitude,' an account of the prison experiences of Lord William Nevill, who served a reduced term of four years for fraud.

'Women Authors of Our Day in their Homes,' by Francis T. Halsey, will be brought out in March by James Pott & Co. Macmillan will shortly have ready 'First Lessons in United States History,' by Prof. Edward Channing of Harvard.

'The Child Housekeeper,' by Miss Elizabeth Colson and Anna G. Chittenden, is a novel product of "actual experience in teaching small girls to do intelligent work in their homes." It will bear A. S. Barnes & Co.'s imprint.

Frederick A. Stokes Co. announce 'The Fern Collector's Guide,' by Willard Nelson Clute, and 'The Book of Old China,' by Mrs. N. Hudson Moore.

Brentano's will publish in April an unabridged translation of Sénanecour's 'Obermann.'

Joseph Elkinton, of Philadelphia Yearly

Meeting, will publish, through Ferris & Leach of that city, an illustrated book on 'The Doukhobors.'

The Rev. Dr. Mills, formerly of New York, who has entered upon his second quinquennium as professor of Zend (Avesta) Philology at Oxford, having been recently reappointed for five years, will soon be publishing the first issue of a treatise on the rest of the Yasna upon the same lines as those followed in the book on the Gāthas, that is, with the four texts, three of them translated, and with the variants of the Pahlavi. He is delaying his special dictionary, now half published, for a general one by another writer which is about to appear. His book on Zoroaster, Philo, and Israel is about half printed, and the first part will be published in a few months.

Fifteen years ago, if we can imagine history slightly anticipated *ad hoc*, Pierre Loti's 'The Last Days of Peking' (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) would have made a great hit. It is well translated, by Myrta L. Jones, and illustrated from photographs and drawings by Jessie B. Jones. The author's account of China first appeared in letters written to the *Figaro*, at the time when he was serving in Chinese waters on one of the French warships. He saw China and Peking in the hands of the Allies, he penetrated the arcana of the Forbidden City, and the sacred precincts which enshrine the remains of the present race of emperors. The book was worth writing and is worth reading, is full of the author, and hence "personal," and it relates to recent events of extraordinary and lasting interest. If it does not impress the reading public as some of its predecessors did, this must be partly because fashion in books changes nowadays so fast. An author's popularity is now said to have a "life" of only ten years, and Loti must, with others, submit to the common fate.

In the new (third) volume of the 'Jewish Encyclopædia' — Bencemero - Chazanuth — (Funk & Wagnalls) the different articles under Bible—canon, editions, exegesis, translations, etc.—extending in all to fifty pages, are undoubtedly the most important single element. They are generally very well done, much better, part by part, than the corresponding sections in the 'New International Encyclopædia'; the facsimiles especially are excellent. More novel is an elaborate article on cantillation, where the differing musical values of the "accents" are carefully worked out. This article has real significance, and supplements even Wickes's treatise on the accents. Those on blood-accusation and on the effects of the Black Death in causing persecutions of the Jews stand out equally with a melancholy and still modern value. Of mingled tears and laughter is a ten-page article on censorship. The history of this mournful absurdity is minutely traced, and specimens of expurgated pages are given, with, finally, a page from this very encyclopædia, as censored in Russia. This whole article, it is probable, will be able to enter that country only by letter post. Of pure, if unintended, humor is the attention paid to various Jewish pugilists. Apparently the editors are at pains to prove that Jewish strenuousness has not been spiritual only. Equally light in parts is a most serious article on blasphemy. In it one authority is driven to the decision, "He who hears blasphemy nowadays is not obliged to rend his garments,

because otherwise his garments would be nothing but tatters." Worthy of mention as a thorough, if somewhat heavy, monograph is the twenty-three-page article on Cabala. It is highly condensed, and has a bibliography of nearly a column. Noteworthy, too, are the articles on Calendar and Charities, and an admirably reproduced Catalan "portulano" of 1375 by Cresques the Jew. Such facsimiles are evidently to be an outstanding feature of the work, and they go far to heighten its mediæval flavor. But its main stock and substance, apart from sentiment or picturesqueness, remains in the biographies.

'Erromanga,' by the Rev. H. A. Robertson (A. C. Armstrong & Son), is a simple but touching account of thirty years' mission work on one of the New Hebrides group in the Southern Pacific. Here John Williams, the "apostle of Polynesia," was murdered some sixty years ago, and several of his successors, so that it is now known as the "martyr isle." The author, before describing his own experiences, gives a sketch of these men and what they accomplished. He has other chapters upon the habits, industries, and distinguishing characteristics of the islanders; and in the story of his daily life and experiences, among them are graphic and attractive pictures of individual natives. An occasional dash of humor lightens up the narrative, which has many pathetic episodes. A great hindrance to the prosperity of the island and the development of its rich natural resources is the Australian labor traffic, which takes away large numbers of its best men, many of whom never return. One of the difficulties encountered in teaching the islanders is indicated in an appendix containing the Lord's Prayer in eighteen different languages spoken by the people of the group. The work is edited by John Fraser, and has maps and illustrations.

The little book entitled 'Faith Built on Reason: A Survey of Free and Universal Religion in the Form of Question and Answer,' by Miss F. L. Abbot of Cambridge (Boston: J. H. West), is rendered most interesting and of really remarkable character by the absolute clearness and simplicity with which the daughter of a highly cultivated man reproduces her father's work, and translates it with unvarying fidelity into the common tongue. Dr. Francis Ellingwood Abbot's thought is here followed out to the last degree, and made intelligible in its foundations, which end in natural religion, based, as its author claims, on absolutely plain and coherent grounds. When the author comes to what many, even among radicals, would consider the weak point, namely, the complete exclusion of what is commonly called the intuitionist method, its question is faced in the same perfectly simple and unflinching way which marks all the rest. "Intuition," the author says, "is a purely personal experience and is capable of no universal proof. One man's intuition has no decisive value for another man who does not have the same intuition. Only those answers to these questions will have any universal value which are based on something greater than individual experience and are demonstrable to the whole human race. Such answers can be given by science alone." This is absolutely frank and honest, but to poetic idealists and those who hold consistently to the Inward Light,

it would, of course, be wholly inadequate. Whittier could no more accept it than could John Calvin. Yet so few statements on any opinion are made in a perfectly logical spirit and are thus altogether consistent, that it is pleasant to see any such successful effort made, and especially when it comes from the feminine side of the house.

Mr. Andrew J. George's 'Select Poems of Samuel Taylor Coleridge' (Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.) is a thoroughgoing performance, well adapted for private or school use. The poems are arranged chronologically, dated, and accompanied in a separate section by the poet's biography for the period, with such light as can be thrown upon the circumstances of their production. The notes are mainly historical, and there is more borrowed than original criticism, in which the editor hardly shines. His introduction, too, is an essay beyond his grasp. He has, however, given the best of Coleridge and examples of every vein, but the humorous should have been reinforced by the autobiographical "A Character," which is indeed referred to and explained in the notes (p. 396). The poet's text is remarkably free from error. We have noticed only two: on page 262, line 15, "this" is a corruption for "an," and "a" is omitted before "sick" in line 15 of page 42. On the other hand, the editorial matter is greatly disfigured by carelessness in quotations: witness those from Burns and Cowper on pages xxxviii., xxxix., xli., and the last line but one of the Coleridge variorum on page 304. The Greek of page 342 and the German of pages 355, 370 have suffered a sea change. And, on page 385, is there any authority for this lection in Wordsworth's Clarkson sonnet—

"The blood-stained enemy is forever torn"?

"Bloody writing" is an accepted lection. With these reserves, Dr. George is to be commended for redirecting students to an author of whom Swinburne has said, with his customary extravagance, but with much truth, "Of Coleridge's best verses I venture to affirm that the world has nothing like them, and can never have; that they are of the highest type, and their own."

'Sally Wister's Journal' (Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach) is a short and sprightly record of the experiences of a Quaker girl of sixteen, who, with her family, took refuge in a farmhouse on the Wissahickon during the brief occupation of Philadelphia by the English in 1777-8. The farmhouse, which still stands, became the headquarters of General Smallwood, and there was a constant going and coming of officers and men, with demure passages between the writer of the journal and certain youthful Virginian captains and majors. The editor, Mr. Albert Cook Myers, has dignified a slight school-girl diary into an historical document, with copious biographical notes and numerous illustrations. The glimpse of Sally Wister, herself, with her quotations from Pope, and her most un-Quakerish interest in pretty clothes, is entertaining enough. Quaker maidens, in those days, read Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews' and Pope's 'Iliad' with uncritical enjoyment. Sally Wister's apparent laxity in the choice of fiction was atoned for by a habit of rising at four in order to spend the morning in ironing, and by an extraordinary devotion to knitting. No pains have been

spared to make the book attractive, though the journal itself can hardly possess an intrinsic interest except for members of the Wister family.

Another book on astronomy by Prof. Simon Newcomb—"Astronomy for Everybody" (McClure, Phillips & Co.)—attests the good appetite of the public as well as the productivity of a distinguished scientist. The book is written in a simple style, without technical or mathematical language, and therefore treats hardly more than the outlines of its subject, yet the outlines include a sketch of the four methods of measuring the sun's distance, and something about the repulsion of comets' tails by the pressure exerted by sunlight. Modern methods are illustrated in the application of photography to the search for asteroids, and modern results in the account of Eros, the most curious of all the minor planets. Spectroscopic observations by Belopolsky are accepted as proving a rapid rotation for Venus, in contradiction to the results gained by Schiaparelli and Lowell. The moon is credited with a total lack of atmosphere. The explanation of its action in causing tides on the earth may leave the reader less satisfied than he is likely to be with the other pages of this concise book.

We should have completed our notice, a fortnight ago, of the complete and abridged Muret-Sanders German-English Dictionaries by mention of the still further condensed Pocket Dictionary in the Langenscheidt series—a new edition (New York: Lemcke & Buechner). This does not belie its name, as to compactness and convenient form, and it has had the advantage not only of the greater work, but of the Oxford Dictionary in its present stage. This, say the publishers, has enabled the compiler to discard all the deadwood (*den ganzen Ballast*) of antiquated expressions, always the stumbling-block in bilingual dictionaries. So far does Dr. Murray's candle throw its salutary beams. In this little companion of the tourist or the reader, the familiar signs of the Muret-Sanders scheme pleasantly dot the pages (as, a locomotive for the class "transportation," a comet to denote "rare," etc.). Pronunciation is indicated in the English portion; and it is noticeable that Shakespeare, Lincoln, and Washington are admitted to the general vocabulary, along with Mabel, Madge, Dorothy, etc., and a select group of geographical names, for all which separate lists are commonly provided in dictionaries.

Parts 5 and 6 of the 'Catalogo Generale della Libreria Italiana, 1847-1899' (Milan; New York: Lemcke & Buechner), stride from Grimaldi to Levinstein, thanks to two letters, H and K, which perforce include only foreign authors. Guides, Instructions, Laws, and Letters are noticeably full rubrics of from four to seven pages. Among classic Italian writers, Guicciardini shows a reprint of his History of Italy as late as 1876. Leopardi continues much in vogue. In the foreign list, Guizot has been practically relegated to the reference shelves, since the forties; Victor Hugo's revivals seem mainly confined to his 'Notre Dame de Paris,' 'Les Misérables,' 'Dernier Jour d'un Condamné,' and 'L'Homme qui rit'; Paul de Kock is uninterruptedly reproduced, while Lamartine barely gives signs of vi-

talilty. Heine survives bravely. Humboldt has had no edition since 1865, and is about in the case of Hippocrates. Paul Heyse and Ibsen are in active request. Landor's Italian sojourn did not prompt a single translation from his writings. Washington Irving was thus honored as late as 1893. Richard Hildreth's 'Archy Moore (The White Slave),' profiting by the furore excited by 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' in 1853 went into one French and at least two Italian versions (four imprints). Judge O. W. Holmes's 'The Common Law' was translated in 1888-9, while his father never gained a footing on the peninsula in its vernacular. Mrs. Mary Catherwood is entered here under her maiden name of Hartwell, as Liszt's pious correspondent, the Countess Sayn Wittgenstein, is entered under Ivanoska.

The fifth volume of the Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association, just come to hand, is composed of articles strictly confined to the State and its eminent citizens, with a range from "The Connection of Peñalosa with the La Salle Expedition" to a "Genealogical and Historical Register of the First General Officers of the Daughters of the Republic of Texas Elected in 1891." While the editors properly disclaim responsibility for the views advanced by the authors of the several papers, they might hold these to some accountability in respect of the historic temper, the absence of which is too conspicuous in the paper on "The Annexation of Texas and the Mexican War."

The fifth volume of the now classically housed Buffalo Historical Society is a substantial one of some 500 pages, containing much valuable original matter pertaining to the war of 1812, which is to Buffalo what the war with Mexico is, for perennial interest, to Texas; much other, from the pen of Judge Samuel Wilkeson, regarding Buffalo's beginnings as a port and as an international thoroughfare; and a history of the Buffalo Free Library movement. La Salle has a place here, too, for the Society erected last May a boulder monument to the explorer, with a tablet showing that "hereabout, in May, 1679," he built his *Griffon*, the first vessel to sail the upper lakes. The Secretary, Mr. F. H. Severance, contributes a very valuable Bibliography of the Upper Canada Rebellion of 1837-8, with sundry facsimile title-pages.

A most interesting account of the battle of Sackett's Harbor is printed among the Historical Manuscripts in the February Bulletin of the Boston Public Library, in a letter from Gen. Jacob Brown, commanding the American forces, to Gov. Tompkins of New York, written the second day after the battle. When the British made their attack he was with the militia, and, "as I was attentively watching thier movements & the happy effects of our fire to my utter astonishment my men rose from thier cover, broke & before I could realize the disgracefull scene there was scarcely a man within several Rods of where I stood." He exonerates Lieut. Chancey from all blame for burning the storehouses on the supposition that the day was lost. "He was deceived by the materials on whom he relied & nothing short of Divinity can guard against such occurrences." Brown assures the Governor that he does not "bear hard upon the militia. I do them justice Sir. . . . The noble men both officers & Sol-

diers of the Regular Army & some few, precious few Citizen Soldiers who nobly resisted the Shock of the Foe men the Foe of Basswood Cantonment are the men who meritt the honor of this Victory & Sir they must have it." Senator S. R. Bradley of Vermont, in a letter dated January 27, 1810, to Judge Royall Tyler, says that he is tired of his seat in the Senate, and makes this suggestion, "that I shall take Govr G.'s place—that you shall take the place I now hold—that Judge Robinson shall take the place you hold, and that D. Chase shall be placed on the Supreme Court *vice* Judge H. who may probably wish to retire to preach the gospel to the Baptists." The plan miscarried, as Gov. Galusha remained in office till 1813, at which time Bradley also retired, to be succeeded by Chase.

The first of the "Reports of the Princeton University Expeditions to Patagonia, 1896-1899," issued by the J. Pierpont Morgan publication fund, gives a narrative of the expeditions and a general sketch of the geography of Southern Patagonia (Princeton). The narrative contains much material of interest to the general naturalist: the habits of the condor, the great tides of the eastern coast, the extraordinary fossils collected from the bluffs along the shore as well as far inland, the natives of the interior, the glaciers of the Andes. So little is known of much of the region, and it appears to be so rich in specimens of many kinds, that many explorers should be attracted to it. The geographical chapters treat of the plains, with special accounts of the great shingle formation and of the valleys that it cloaks, the mountains and their longitudinal valleys, the rivers, the lakes, and the coast. The Tehuelche tribes are described with some detail, and, here as elsewhere, heliotype photographs make excellent illustrations. The reader must certainly hope that the enthusiastic explorer may be spared the pain of being "forced to abandon all hope of ever again visiting" the plains of Patagonia.

From the office of the weekly journal *South Africa*, published at No. 39 Old Broad Street, London, E. C., we receive a timely folding map of South Africa, mounted on cloth and sold for two and a half shillings. It is primarily a railway map, extending from Cape Agulhas to the southern extremity of Lake Tanganyika, embracing the whole of Lake Nyassa and its outlet the Shire, with the coast line from the mouth of Orange River to the Zambesi delta. A small map exhibits the whole of Africa and the Cape-to-Cairo route; the Natal railway system is shown on a larger scale, as are also Cape Town's suburban lines; and there are plans of eight seaports. For every line there is a table of stations, distances, and gradients.

—No one who followed the literary career of John Fiske will be surprised to see that his works fill twenty-four volumes in the edition which has just been issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. His subjects were not only numerous, but of the widest scope—history, science, religion and philosophy; and his love of writing was equal to the breadth of his information. Indeed, it may be surmised that twenty-four volumes fail to contain the full product of his maturity, though they doubtless contain his more permanent credentials to

fame. Reckoned by bulk alone, the historical works are equal to the miscellaneous writings combined, and this fact will account for an arrangement of contents whereby they occupy the first twelve volumes of the set. Regarding the miscellaneous writings, we shall at present say nothing, and we also feel that we need say little regarding the histories. Were we seeking an excuse to criticise Mr. Fiske as an historian, the occasion now offered would be most welcome, but since this is not the case, we shall be content to describe the edition before us in a brief bibliographical note. As every one knows, Mr. Fiske's series of books on American history begins with 'The Discovery of America' and closes with 'The Critical Period of American History.' At the time of the author's death in June, 1901, there was a conspicuous break in the sequence of volumes; but the lacuna has been partly filled by the posthumous publication of 'New France and New England.' Thus the set reviews the main aspects of American progress from the period of discovery to the date of Washington's first inauguration. Had Mr. Fiske lived a little longer, he certainly would not have issued 'New France and New England' in its present form; but on the whole its publication as part of a series cannot be condemned, though the unwary reader must be cautioned against judging the author by it alone.

—The mechanical features of this edition are good; paper and type deserving special praise. The photogravures are hardly of the first quality, but cannot be called inferior. If the tone is sometimes too dark, it must be remembered that the volumes are issued at a moderate cost. We should add that the maps and plans, of which there are many, offer slight ground for adverse remark. The portrait of Père Marquette, however, should not have been included without the warning which is conveyed by "reputed" or "alleged." Our own verdict against its authenticity has already been expressed in another connection. Comment upon a set of twelve volumes must take the form either of a short note or a long article. While we refrain of set purpose from embarking upon a criticism of Mr. Fiske's qualities as an historian, we must at least refer to one fact which is emphasized by the sight of his collected works. He was a popular writer, not merely because he possessed a clear and agreeable style, but because he had a faculty for selecting subjects of the broadest interest; and this faculty in its turn must be associated not with a clever eclecticism, but with an unusual strength of intellectual and social sympathies.

—'Germany's Claims upon German-Americans in Germany,' by Edward W. S. Tingle (Philadelphia: T. and J. W. Johnson & Co.), is the title of a valuable little handbook containing a discussion of "German military and other laws which may affect German-Americans temporarily in Germany, together with some comment upon existing treaties." Mr. Tingle was formerly United States Consul at Brunswick. It is stated in the introduction that the volume was offered by the author to the State Department for publication by it, for the use of the consular service, and was formally accepted by Secretary Sherman for that

purpose. "Though in use in the Department in manuscript, its publication was delayed for various reasons, and the writer given the option of offering it to a publishing house." The text has been revised and brought up to date. The author's work has also, it seems, received the approval (the importance of which can hardly be overestimated) of Prof. von Bar, professor of international law at Göttingen, Herr Justizrath Ritter of the legal department of the German army, and Consul-General Mason at Berlin. Besides a discussion of the legal status of the German-American in Germany, the book contains many practical hints as to his behavior on his return to his native from his adopted country. Not only must he remember that, if he has run away to escape military service, he had better not return to Germany at all; but while in Germany he must suppress for the time the habits of free criticism of public officials so soon learned in this country, and remember that he is a German subject for the time being, though still an American citizen. For instance, he may subject himself to punishment for lese-majesty if he speaks disrespectfully of the Emperor, and for insult to the Government (*Beleidigung der Regierung*) if he is too free about the courts, the army, the navy, or any other department of the Government. Still further, if he is involved in a discussion with a railroad, a post-office, or a police official, he must be careful not to treat him contumeliously. Of course, most, if not all, of this applies not merely to German-Americans, but to all foreigners temporarily in Germany. They must be respectful to superiors. This is one of the most galling things in the world, but has to be borne in mind. There is on record the case of an American who, to his own utter amazement, got into serious trouble because a Prussian official resented being told that the traveller "would give him hell" if he did not look out.

—A 'Manual of French Law and Commercial Information,' by H. Cleveland Cox (New York: Brentano's), while, according to the preface, "principally for laymen," "may be of some interest and utility to the profession." It is a compendium of the "salient points" in the law of France, together with "special articles by experts." A number of forms are added, and the whole is alphabetically arranged—in other words, it is a handbook arranged in the form of a dictionary. A few of the catch-titles, taken at random, give an idea of the scope of this book. Under "Accaparement" we are referred to "Corners," and under the latter head we find some information about the legal penalties attached to the offence of buying up supplies of food, etc., with the object of fixing an artificial price. Under "Accidents to Workmen" half a page is given to an account of the provisions for the indemnification of workmen by their employers under the law of 1898. Under "Address (change of)" some very practical advice is offered to travellers. Of "Aliéné" we are told that the word must not be confounded with "aliénation," as, in law, *aliéné* has only one signification, viz., lunatic, while the abstract term means primarily "transfer," "and in addition to that it means 'madness.'" Under "Animals (cruelty to)" some information is given

as to the Loi Grammont. "Bankruptcy" is dealt with in nine pages, "Bicycles" in one, "Bills of Exchange" in nine, six pages are devoted to "Chamber of Commerce (American)" and "Chamber of Commerce (British)," but only twelve lines to "Charitable Bequests." Mr. Kasson's unratified Franco-American commercial treaty is printed in full (five pages). On the whole, while the book contains a good deal of useful and sometimes entertaining information, it is half manual and half hodge-podge.

—If a college series of Latin classics is to exist at all, it must, of course, have its Odes and Epodes of Horace, regardless of the number and excellence of editions already in the field. With Smith, Shorey, and Bennett to choose from, not to go further back, no teacher can feel at a loss for a workable class-room Horace; and yet the latest claimant, that of Prof. Clifford H. Moore, in the Morris and Morgan series (American Book Co.), is likely to meet with a very cordial reception. It has not the wealth of illustrative quotations from other poets that forms the chief distinction of Professor Shorey's edition, though the Greeks whom Horace followed, and the later Latin poets who learned, or tried to learn, from him are drawn upon not infrequently. The introduction and commentary show in general a fine appreciation of the poet and his work; but there is an occasional flaw, as when Horace is censured for lack of tact, in the fine ode to the ship which was to bear Virgil to Greece (l. 3), in reverting to "the old philosophical and theological notions of the sinfulness of human enterprise, without observing how out of place such ideas were here, when Virgil was just about to show such enterprise by undertaking this voyage." Professor Moore has done no brilliant experimenting with the text, nor marred his work by constant endeavor to set aside generally accepted interpretations. One notes an occasional oversight, as when a general assertion is made concerning a group of five examples (p. 30), to only two of which it will strictly apply. The introductions to the individual poems are especially full and helpful. Is it not about time that American editors of Greek and Latin texts should drop the stereotyped disclaimer of having consulted any American edition? If any of these editions are worth consulting, they should be consulted; if not, it is hardly necessary that the fact should be so frequently advertised in new members of the class. We have a good supply of school editions; when will some American scholar give us a Horace for the classically educated gentleman's drawing-room table, nicely illustrated, briefly annotated, fitly printed and bound, and with no trace either of the grind of the class-room or the pedantry of the philologist?

—Miss Agnes Grace Weld's 'Glimpses of Tennyson and of Some of his Relations and Friends' (Scribners) adds little to our previous knowledge of Tennyson, and confirms the impression that the margin of personal interest extending beyond that coextensive with the poet was extremely narrow: the poet was to a remarkable degree exhaustive of the man. The writer is a daughter of Anne Sellwood, the second of those Sellwood sisters two of whom married the brothers Alfred and Charles Turner Tennyson. Some

pride of relationship mingles with her reverence for the poet, and her book is motivated as much by her desire to celebrate her nearness to Tennyson and his regard for her as by admiration of his genius and his qualities. Her manner of writing is effusive, and the excess of words tends to make the more valuable details seem even less significant than they actually are. Where a little light is expected on the difficulties attending Tennyson's courtship of Emily Sellwood, there is not a spark. There are pleasant glimpses of Charles Tennyson ("Charles Turner"), the pleasantest his objection to a curate's exorcism of flowers before using them for church decoration. The curate knew his 'Directorium Anglicanum,' but the rector insisted that if the flowers had spirits in them, they must be angels, and not devils. Miss Weld, herself, is wise in all things ecclesiastical, and would fain have us believe that Lord Tennyson was quite correct in his notions of Anglican belief and ritual, the "real presence" in the eucharist with the rest. At this point we get a different impression from that heretofore received, and are obliged to suspect the bias of Miss Weld's own devout Anglicanism. The "Talks with Tennyson" are singularly "barren of new pride." The account of his Isle of Wight friends is much better, especially the part relating to Mrs. Cameron, of amateur photographic fame. The trying of her skill seems to have worked Tennyson's patience hard, but the climax of his misery was when she brought a carriage-load of portraits for his autograph:

LANG'S HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

A History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation. By Andrew Lang. In three volumes. London: Blackwoods; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902. Vol. II.

Mr. Andrew Lang has many qualifications for writing a great history of Scotland, and no European country more needs to have her history adequately written. He has a patriotic interest in the subject. He has a vast mass of miscellaneous knowledge, archaeological and literary, bearing on the subject. He is a practised as well as a naturally acute critic. He is the master of a lively and vigorous style. And he has—no one who reads this volume can for a moment doubt it—the most conscientious and unwearied industry in examining both the original sources and the writings of his predecessors. Accordingly, we come with high expectations as well as with keen curiosity to this second volume of his history, covering a period for which the materials are far more abundant than they were for the days of the first four or five of the Stuart kings, and a period which presents problems of unsurpassed interest and difficulty.

In many respects these expectations are not disappointed. Mr. Lang investigates the problems with minute and scrupulous care. He scrutinizes all the data. He shows great ingenuity in constructing solutions. He gives us the impression of having exhausted all the available materials; and whether or not we agree with his conclusions, he inspires our confidence, for we feel that the materials have been honestly placed at our disposal. In discussing questions which have been for centuries the subject of heated controversy, he does his best to

be impartial. As between the two chief contending parties, the Protestants and the Roman Catholics, the enemies and the supporters of Queen Mary, he succeeds pretty well, and succeeds by the natural course of condemning the violence and perfidy of both parties alike. But where he has to deal with individuals, he sometimes declines from the attitude of calm detachment which befits a writer reviewing these remote times. Towards John Knox in particular he shows a kind of spite rather below the dignity of history. Any one who treats of the Scottish Reformation is doubtless entitled to have a bad opinion of Knox, to expose his inconsistencies, or his suppressions, or his ferocities. There is in Knox's career something for his friends to regret, abundance for his enemies to descant upon. But it is scarcely worthy of Mr. Lang to keep up a running fire of sneers against Knox and others like him. It jars upon one's sense of literary taste to have this sort of thing repeated page after page and chapter after chapter. We do not need to be incessantly reminded that the Scottish Reformers, and indeed all the Reformers, refused to extend to others the toleration they claimed for themselves, and insisted in the same breath that it was a sin to resist the civil magistrate if he was a godly Presbyterian, and a duty to resist him if he was a Popish idolater, because in the one case he was following, in the other case transgressing, the law of God set forth in Scripture; and they were the judges of what Scripture meant. Nowadays every schoolboy, as Macaulay used to say, knows these things; and one may add every schoolboy knows that it was hardly possible that these things should be otherwise. Few indeed were the gentle or prescient souls who could rise to a point of view which our indifference, more perhaps than our charity, makes easy to people living in the twentieth century. Mr. Lang sometimes writes not like an historian addressing a vast body of readers prepared to listen with respect to him, but rather like a man who puts down for his own pleasure his own reflections, usually the expressions of his own disgust, as he follows the recorded deeds and words of the actors in the drama he is observing. He interjects his repartees, he tries to corner and make game of his antagonist, who is most often the triumphant Reformer, till we grow weary of the too obvious sarcasms upon "the godly." Too often the facts make sarcasm superfluous.

Admiring the versatile literary gifts which Mr. Lang has shown for many years past, we must also own to some little disappointment with the character of the narrative in this volume, considered as a piece of literature. He does not seem to make the most of the wealth and quality of the material which the career of Queen Mary sets before him. In that career, which has employed almost as many poets as controversialists, there are six specially dramatic incidents: the murder of David Riccio, the murder of Darnley, the surrender of Carberry Hill, the escape from Lochleven Castle, the battle of Langside, the death-scene in the hall of Fotheringhay Castle. No one appreciates the scenic quality of these incidents more than Mr. Lang does; yet he has not used them, as he fairly might have done, to relieve the tedious and revolting tale of incessant intrigues, intricate negotiations, and miserable civil wars that

scarce ever come to a pitched battle. So, too, he forgets, or declines to enliven his pages by, such minor bits of picturesqueness as the story of Bothwell's escape in the harbor of Lerwick from the pursuit of Kirkaldy of Grange. He seems to have become so much interested in the process of unravelling the frightful tangle of falsehoods and contradictions which the authorities present to us, as to have rather overlooked the need for making the narrative as interesting to his readers as it can be made, and for presenting not only the minor details, but the broader aspects of events.

As Mr. Lang writes quite as much for the expert student as for readers in general, he certainly deserves the amplest acknowledgment of what he has done for the expert. He has taken the utmost pains to get at the truth, gives us copious references, states his conclusions with conciseness and lucidity. Like every other competent and conscientious man who has worked over the same ground as Mr. J. A. Froude, he finds that writer hopelessly careless and inaccurate, and sometimes so inexcusably careless that one is tempted to apply a harsher name to his divergences from truth. He gives some striking instances of Froude's perversions of the very accounts cited. Unlike Froude, Mr. Lang is not able to find a single hero among the crowd of personages he has to deal with. Of Queen Mary he would like to say the best that could be said. But he feels, as all candid minds must feel, that the only possible best that can be said is not defence, but palliation. Everything was against the unhappy girl, and, with all her offences, she was true to her religion, she never lost either courage or a sense of her own dignity. Elizabeth, equally unscrupulous, excites a far stronger feeling of repulsion. False and shifty as Mary of Scotland was, she was not more shifty and false than most of those among whom her wretched lot was cast, for many of whom far less excuse could be given. Seldom in any country did any class show viler features than the Scottish nobility of Mary's day. Treachery, rapacity, cruelty, hypocrisy meet us at every turn; there is hardly one of the prominent figures, from the Regent Murray downwards, whose career can be contemplated without disgust. When one gets down to the smaller gentry, there is, if not more of the softer virtues, at any rate less perfidy and a far stronger patriotism. The preachers, the unfailing butt for Mr. Lang's ridicule, were, with all their intolerance and arrogance, at least honest and consistent; and in the absence of a regular political constitution or of other available modes for the expression of public opinion, it was not strange that they should endeavor to rouse and should claim to deliver the sentiment of the body of the people. There was, indeed, a Parliament and a sort of Constitution, but the principles of the national polity were far less definitely settled than was the case in England; and the Parliament was, even more frequently than in England, used as the tool of the faction dominant for the moment.

In two concluding chapters Mr. Lang gives a sketch of the state of the Highlands, where the Celtic clan system remained in full force, and of the social condition of the Lowlands. It is a somewhat meagre sketch, considering the width of the field to be surveyed; still, there are in

it several points of interest. Not only the Border, but many other parts of the country, were the scene of feuds and vendettas kept up from generation to generation. The people were extremely poor, and lived far more rudely than their contemporaries in England. Everything was backward, except education; for the number of persons who seem to have known Latin, and even some Greek, was large, considering the times, and Scottish scholars were already, like Scottish soldiers of fortune, wandering over Europe. There seem to have been few exports, except herring, at least if the laws which forbade corn and coal to be sent out of the country were really enforced. Nevertheless, and despite the incessant disorders and civil wars, the country thrived and population increased. It had nearly a century of strife and suffering to undergo after James the Sixth succeeded to the throne of England before settled days arrived, and there were few signs whence any one could conjecture the prosperity which it was ultimately destined to attain. But its history had already taken that characteristic which made it unlike the history of England during the next two and a half centuries, viz., the predominance of ecclesiastical questions over purely political questions. The fierce struggles of the Reformation time turned the minds of the Lowland Scots into a theological channel, and it is only in our days that this propensity seems to have departed from the nation of John Knox and Andrew Melville.

LEE'S QUEEN. VICTORIA.

Queen Victoria: A Biography. By Sidney Lee. The Macmillan Co.

There have been few more difficult tasks in biography than that which faced Mr. Sidney Lee when he undertook to prepare a memoir of Queen Victoria. In the first place, there was an immense mass of literary and journalistic material to be sifted. Then, it was necessary to preserve such a sense of proportion that the book would become neither a glorified Court Circular on the one hand nor a history of nineteenth-century British politics on the other. There was the further problem of dealing in a scientific spirit with the character of a personage whom her subjects had come not only to idealize, but almost to idolize.

In the present volume, which is an expansion of the notice appearing in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' Mr. Lee has escaped from these dangers with remarkable skill. He has collected his information with diligence and judgment from many quarters. The footnotes refer us to such unexpected authorities as Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' and Mrs. Gaskell's 'Life of Charlotte Brontë.' Something is even gained from Charles Sumner's impressions of the Queen's utterance at the opening of the Parliamentary session of 1839, and from the observations taken of her at Ascot, before her accession, by N. P. Willis, who regretted that it would be the fate of so "pretty and interesting" a girl to be sold in marriage for political purposes without regard to her own wishes. But the multiplicity of memoranda never obstructs the easy flow of the narrative. The chronicle of royal progresses, etc., is by no means as tiresome as it might have been, and the

details of national politics are introduced only to such a degree as was necessary to make intelligible the Queen's relation to public questions. So brief, for instance, is the account of the genesis of the Crimean war that it has no mention of Stratford Canning. To use the author's own illustration, he has subordinated the scenery to the actor. But Mr. Lee has been most conspicuously successful in resisting the temptation to write as a courtier. He says truly of Gen. Grey and Sir Theodore Martin, the Prince Consort's biographers, that they write from the Queen's point of view, and occasionally ignore the evidence of writers with whom the Queen was out of sympathy. This charge can scarcely be brought against Mr. Lee. His book appears in a sense to be issued under royal sanction, for he expresses his debt to the King for the use of an autograph and various portraits, but he depicts Her Majesty as a human being with the weaknesses to which our nature is prone. His tone is not at all as critical as that of the anonymous author of the famous *Quarterly Review* article; his comments are, nevertheless, not lacking in frankness.

Mr. Lee makes it clear that Queen Victoria displayed no special ability outside political management. "She was not conspicuously endowed with artistic taste." "She was not a good judge of painting." "Her personal interest in literature was not strong, and it diminished in later years; but she respected its producers and their influence." The names of her favorite writers make a motley list—Tennyson, Dickens, Samuel Smiles, George MacDonald, Florence Montgomery, and Marion Crawford. On some social questions she was violently prejudiced. Mr. Lee tells us that she was thoroughly and almost blindly antipathetic to the movement for the greater emancipation of women, and adds that "she never realized that her own position gave the advocates of Women's Rights their greatest argument; and when that point of view was pressed on her attention in conversation, she treated it as an irrelevance." She was opposed to the marriage of widows. It is curious to learn that, in spite of her close friendship with Tait and Benson, she was not in personal sympathy with bishops as a class, and that the tone and manner of Episcopal sermons were rarely simple or homely enough to suit her. She was "irritated" by extreme Ritualism, and showed her Scotch Presbyterian chaplains a cordiality which was rare in her attitude towards English clergy.

The record here given of Queen Victoria's influence on contemporary politics proves that her participation in affairs of state was much greater than was commonly supposed. Though not an absolute sovereign, she was a hard-working one. Up to the last she required to have all important papers submitted to her; she signed hundreds of documents daily, and would never countenance the proposal that she should employ a stamp; she discussed the qualifications of all persons nominated for high office; and she read most of the speeches made by cabinet ministers in the country, sending them autograph notes of congratulation when they especially pleased her. Mr. Lee does not hesitate to admit the Queen's strong political partisanship, and her frequent attempts to make national affairs move in the direction of her per-

sonal preferences, though he recognizes also the good sense with which she submitted to public opinion when she found that she could not have her own way. The story of the Queen's career, especially in its earlier periods, emphasizes the danger to which a country may be exposed in its foreign relations owing to dynastic alliances and sympathies. Another cause of trouble was the constant intervention of the Prince Consort in matters with which he had no right to meddle. As against the mischief done by these attempts at asserting personal authority, must be set the fact that on some occasions the self-assertion of the Queen and her husband had valuable results. After the Indian Mutiny, her alteration of the draft proclamation was of the highest importance, and the Prince Consort's recasting of Palmerston's *Trent* dispatch averted the risk of war between England and America. Mr. Lee quotes here Walt Whitman's note expressing American gratitude for an act which prevented a war that would have been unquestionably followed by a recognition of the Southern Confederacy by all the leading European nations.

Mr. Lee speaks in guarded terms of the Queen's attitude toward British politics after the Prince Consort's death, but the very reserve of his language makes the implied indictment the more severe. At the outset of her career it was the Tories with whom she was at war; long before its close she became an industrious opponent of the party of reform. The biographer himself holds that "her activity was in the main advantageous," but the evidence he has collected goes a long way to prove that, both in the things she did and in those she left undone, her influence upon English life during the last generation was in many respects far from wholesome. She neglected those social duties which were most incumbent upon her, and went out of her way to increase the popularity of policies of aggression and dishonor. It is difficult to read with patience the story of her infatuation for Disraeli, who, as Mr. Lee recounts, won her favor largely by amusing and flattering her, and the dislike and ingratitude she showed to Gladstone, who, apart from his services to the country, had suffered more than any other man of his time through persistent devotion to the interests of the Crown. Those who remember the Bulgarian atrocities will need no help to a judgment of the character of Her Majesty's influence when they learn that Mr. Gladstone's protests against them "exasperated" her and tightened the bond between her and Lord Beaconsfield, and that his Midlothian campaign in particular was denounced by her in her private letters as shameless and disgraceful. Private letters, perhaps, do not matter much, but the Queen was guilty of nothing less than a reckless misuse of her high position when she publicly fomented the agitation for war with Russia in behalf of the patron and employer of the Bashi-Bazuks. Mr. Lee confirms the general belief that Beaconsfield artfully encouraged her imperialistic tendencies, and that especially she received "immense satisfaction" from his ingenious device of creating her "Empress of India"—a title which Parliament was assured would be employed only in India and concerning Indian affairs, but which she used in signing all documents, Eng-

lish as well as Indian, within three years. We are told, by the way, that the Queen at first objected very strongly to the use of the word "Commonwealth" for the new Australian federation, as she identified the word with Cromwell and his republican form of Government.

Without discussing the permanence of the British monarchy, Mr. Lee affords material for estimating the changes made during the last reign in the monarch's prerogative. The personal authority of the Crown over the army was almost entirely dissolved by the deliberate action of Parliament; the Home Secretary superseded the sovereign in granting pardon to convicted criminals; the Prime Minister acquired in great measure the right of bestowing titles and honors; the Queen's discontinuance of the ancient practice of opening Parliament, and her frequent sojourns abroad, weakened the theory of her importance in the Government; and her neglect of Ireland, "which must be assigned to her personal feeling and care for her personal comfort at the cost of the public advantage, almost sapped the influence which the Crown can legitimately exert on the maintenance of a healthy harmony among the component parts of the United Kingdom." On the other hand, Queen Victoria's personal influence was far greater at the end of her life than at her accession. This was largely due to the length of her reign, which "rendered in course of years her personal experience of government far wider and far closer than that of any of her Ministers."

Every student of the public life of Great Britain in the nineteenth century—and, indeed, every student of political institutions in general—will have reason to be thankful to Mr. Sidney Lee for a book which is likely to remain for a long time the standard authority on the subject of which it treats. Its practical value is much increased by an unusually complete index and table of contents.

ROMAN EXCAVATIONS AND COLLECTIONS.

Storia degli Scavi di Roma, e Notizie intorno le Collezioni Romane di Antichità, da Rodolfo Lanciani. Vol. I. (A. D. 1000-1530). Rome: E. Loescher & Co. 1902.

The story of the resurrection of ancient Rome from her ruins is no less fascinating and romantic than that of the centuries of her glory and her downfall. But the details of this later story have been accessible to the student of history and of art only in small bits, and these scattered through many volumes, while original documents and archives are to him hopelessly sealed treasure-houses. Commendatore Lanciani has long enjoyed the reputation of being the man best acquainted with the documentary history of the long series of excavations that have yielded (and often, alas! destroyed) the clew to what is left of the art and the buildings of ancient Rome. A full quarter of a century ago he began the search through the libraries and the archives of various countries for all material that could bear upon this subject. Along with his study of the literature has gone that of the extant remains. The resultant material has been employed by him from time to time in a series of books and

articles, some in English, some in Italian, some popular in character, and some technical, but all alike, in whichever language, written in a bright and graceful style quite removed from the ponderosity affected by, or afflicting, the ordinary writer on archaeological themes. Commendatore Lanciani has, indeed, a talent and a taste for "hitting it off" with deft phrases and dramatic touches that are traditionally French rather than Italian. They remind one of the genial narrative traits of those delightful men of the Midi—"une espèce de mirage," says the inimitable Daudet. Some particularly strenuous archaeologists have even gone so far as to affirm that Commendatore Lanciani is like Tacitus in being a better rhetorician than historian. But in the present volume, at least, we have no appearance of French kickshaws, but solid meat—or perhaps one might better say bones, though they are by no means dry bones. For here is the first instalment of the skeleton of a charming body of history.

Lanciani's most imposing work thus far has been his fairly monumental archaeological map of the city of Rome, in more than twoscore large sheets, happily completed a year or two ago. To critics who have questioned his arrangement and disposition now, and then of certain structures, he has promised to make his reasons clear in the long-promised history of the excavations, and he expresses the hope that his work will also be of service in tracing the provenience of many works of ancient art that have long adorned the museums of Europe. The collected material for this work now fills ninety-five thick volumes of manuscript, of which the first half alone contain some eighty-five thousand copied extracts, notes, and plans. And the essence of this is to be included in five annual volumes of print—truly a prodigious task of arrangement and condensation. One is reminded of the characterization by Catullus of the work of Nepos—

"ausus es unus Italorum
omne ævum tribus explicare cartis,
doctis—luppiter!—et laboriosis."

The author has good reason for remarking that although his material can by no means be regarded as complete, he must sometime cease to collect and begin to publish, or his labors will meet a fate like that of the volumes of Don Ferrante.

The topographical field of the history is not confined to Rome alone, but extends over a very considerable adjacent area, from Alsium to Antium, from Ostia to Tivoli and Palestrina, from Veii to Tusculum and Nemi. Its chronological limits are from the beginning of the eleventh century to the overthrow of the papal dominion in 1870, the initial volume carrying the account as far as the reign of Clement VII. (1530).

The earliest excavations appear to have been executed in the great Thermæ in the search for bath-tubs of porphyry, or other rich material, to serve as coffins for the bones of saints and martyrs now transferred from the extra-mural cemeteries to city churches. Nor did some of the Popes disdain such final resting-places for themselves. Indeed, the bath-tubs furnished the pattern for coffins of much later date. But when it was found that actual sarcophagi could be disinterred from ancient cemeteries, and their former occupants evicted in favor of good Christians, these sarcophagi came into fashion, and excavations were conducted to find them. Perhaps the

change to this more seemly fashion-of-entombment was also helped by the failure of supply of bath-tubs.

The necessary rebuilding of churches after the destruction that accompanied the Norman occupation of the city directed attention to the immense amount of admirable building material that lay ready at hand in the ancient ruins. So in the eleventh century began the work of dreadful havoc that raged with truly barbaric madness for more than half a millennium among the monuments of Rome's greatness. It has also had periods of recrudescence at intervals within quite recent times, like those which mark the slowly diminishing throes of a dying volcano. Every student will remember the fallen column half sawn asunder that lies within the precincts of Hadrian's temple of Venus and Rome, and preserves the precious memory of that doughty champion of antiquity who, not so many decades ago, proved his archaeological doctrine orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks, scattering to flight with his own hands and feet the vandalic workmen, who, after all, were but carrying out the orders of their superiors. Indeed, it is less than half a decade since one could see—perhaps they are still visible—big blocks of marble in the Roman Forum with the painted numbers upon them that marked them for use in the revamping of the Church of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin.

The ravages of the Barberini Urban that provoked even Pasquin to his well-known protest, "quod non fecerunt barbari fecerunt Barberini," do not come within the range of Lanciani's first volume, but there were barbarian Popes before Urban. They were doubtless properly Catholic in doctrine, and some of them one must charitably believe endued with innocence of life in other respects, but the perusal of this detailed record of their pernicious activity in excavation would tend to make the reader believe that there was none that did good. Occasionally some pontiff, for a reason of his own, solemnly forbade the devastation of ancient ruins, as did Pius II. by his bull *Cum aliam nostram urbem*, in 1462; but that might well have been only to give himself a better chance, for Pius pulled down the eastern colonnade of Octavia's portico for use in building the pulpit of the benediction in St. Peter's, and plundered for the same purpose the Colosseum, the Baths of Caracalla, the northern parts of the Forum, the remains of long-suffering Ostia, and various other regions both within and without the city. And yet Pius II. (Æneas Silvius Piccolomini) was a student of archaeology, and a writer on archaeological subjects! Even the keen and businesslike Raphael, to whose appointment in 1515 as commissary of antiquities in succession to Fra Giocondo we owe the initiation of a great scheme for the scientific investigation and publication of the remnants of antiquity then existing, was unable to stop the ravenous devastation. Pope, Senator, and builders combined to make a clean sweep. What could be used as building-stone was dug up and carried off. Pieces of marble or travertine too small for this, or not of convenient shape (at times even statuary), were broken up and burned into lime on the floor of the ancient structures they had once adorned.

Yet even these centuries of destruction

were not all of them without cheerful features. Scholars began to study and to write as early as the fifteenth century, and collections of antiquities could be formed at comparatively little expense and with marvellous rapidity in an age in which so many virgin excavations were constantly going on. It is, indeed, the story of the origin of these famous collections that will attract the attention of many readers who have no especial interest in the problems of Roman topography on which this volume throws so much light. Almost every page has an item of marked interest, and in more than one instance popular misconceptions of the later history of important sites can be corrected from these notes. The six indexes (of ancient topography, of mediæval and modern topography, of churches, of museums, galleries, and libraries, of incidental matters, and of names) are not sufficient in fulness for such an encyclopædic work. For example, it is only under *Via Appia* that one finds a reference to that most amazing story of the discovery of the marvellously beautiful and perfectly preserved body of "Tullia, Cicero's daughter," over which all Rome went mad; it is only under *Domus Titi Imperatoris* that reference is made to the finding of the Laocœon: and so with other single objects. It would also add greatly to the interest of the work if some of the early sketches, plans, and other drawings of the ruins could be reproduced in it.

We have called the book a skeleton rather than a body of history, for in large measure it is, and perhaps must be, in order to embody the immense mass of valuable material, an annalistic arrangement of notebook extracts, with more connected sketches introduced here and there. The resulting book owes its engrossing interest more to the subject-matter than to the form, which lacks integral coherence about as much as the dictionary does. It is also not free from some of Lanciani's genial tendency to facile guesses and inferences, and the accuracy of the numberless extracts must evidently be taken for the most part on trust. But the work is immensely interesting, and will doubtless, with its succeeding volumes, earn by good title a place among the most permanently valuable books on the subjects it covers.

Samuel Richardson. By Austin Dobson. (English Men of Letters.) The Macmillan Co.

It may be supposable without offence that there are intelligent people in the world possessing some literary curiosity, to whom Samuel Richardson is only a famous name of rather vague association with English fiction. Such persons, coming to Mr. Dobson's book for justification of the fame, may be seriously disappointed. They may even henceforth think of Richardson, not as a great though unfamiliar novelist, but as an eighteenth-century printer who wrote several thousand letters and three novels now devoid of interest except to students of literature; who was vain, jealous, servile, spiteful, and not entirely beyond suspicion of a scandalous hypocrisy; whose fame was made in the beginning by a lot of silly hysterical women, and continued into a tradition by some hardly less hysterical Frenchmen.

Mr. Dobson has not made these harsh

statements plainly (for his book is one of evidence and argument rather than a narrative with comment), but the burden of his evidence and the gist of his arguments may easily lead the comparatively ignorant to such conclusions. Though his attitude towards his author is distinctly unsympathetic, his method is perhaps most responsible for an apparent disparagement, both of the man and of the writer. It is not a synthetic method. He has made no effort to construct a character, nor cared at all about the impression of the whole. His chief solicitude is to exhibit, not the large aspects of his subject, but an immense amount of minute detail, and he sometimes abandons himself to a sort of antiquarian rage for magnifying matters of no importance or interest except to persons whose tastes and curiosities are similar to his own. For biography and literary criticism this method is not the best, because the heart of the matter is sacrificed to the unessential, if not the immaterial. In this matter, the essence, of course, is Richardson's important place in the history of literature, the originality of his work, and the extraordinary depth and precision of his intuitions in many directions.

Mr. Dobson grants his right to historical precedence, and once comes out quite handsomely about his originality. Having mentioned several reasons for the instant success of 'Pamela,' he concludes:

"But more than these things—more, even than its unconventional freshness, its appearance in a dead season of letters, its appeal to a new audience, and its proclamation of a mission—was the indisputable fact that it was itself a new thing. . . . It was, we repeat, a new thing—destined, as its author foresaw, to inaugurate a new species of writing—the novel of sentimental analysis."

The question of Richardson's debt for 'Pamela' to Marivaux's 'Vie de Marianne' is, we think, settled in the negative by Mr. Dobson's array of evidence. Another dispute connected with the first novel is still open, for Mr. Dobson does not deny Fielding's authorship of 'The Apology for the Life of Mrs. Shamela Andrews,' but only doubts it enough to rebuke a writer "who has recently prefaced a new edition of Richardson's works and refers to the 'Apology' as 'Fielding's famous parody of Pamela.'" This is not the only disputed point on which Mr. Dobson's mind is not made up. He is very uncertain as to whether Richardson was most an artist or a moralist. Having expressed the opinion that the sequel to 'Pamela,' prolonging narrative as it did without fresh complications, was a mistake, he goes on: "Richardson, moralist first and novelist afterwards, did not clearly perceive this"; but later, when considering 'Clarissa,' we hear "that Richardson showed himself more of an artist and realist than the moralist he professed to be."

The question of the sincerity of Richardson's profession that he wrote to advance the cause of religion and virtue, is exhaustively considered. Many citations show that some contemporaries had suspicions as dark as those of subsequent critics, and Mr. Dobson does not find Richardson's own defence very conclusive against the accusation of being so "abnormally interested in certain forms of wrongdoing that he exhibited a more prurient preoccupation with undesirable details than is generally ex-

hibited by a moralist." Probably one could not be an effective moralist unless one were deeply interested in vice; and to have their sincerity questioned seems to be the price that determined moralists who are also determined novelists have to pay for their fame. As moralists, they may direct the creative impulse, but as artists they are controlled by it. So far as they can explain their motives they are probably sincere, and one must charitably strain such explanation to cover that part of their work which they do without knowing why or how.

The chapters given to Richardson's correspondence are very entertaining, and go to show the novelist's dependence on the opinions and suggestions of his friends, who, after the appearance of 'Pamela,' persistently instigated his further production of fiction. Mr. Dobson has dipped deep into the unpublished letters in South Kensington Museum and pulled out plums. The "corresponding people" are mostly women, some of them very lively. Mrs. Pilkington, having heard that 'Clarissa' is not to have a happy ending, and having communicated the sad news to Colley Cibber, who becomes violently inconsolable, writes to the author: "Spare her virgin purity, dear sir, spare it! Consider if this wounds both Mr. Cibber and me (who neither of us set up for immaculate chastity), what must it do with those who possess that inestimable treasure?" Mrs. Belfour (Lady Bradshaigh) writes less frankly, but with great excitement on the same subject. Lady Bradshaigh was among the silliest of women, and lived to the age of eighty. Miss Sarah Westcomb, a priggish young person, interrupts her edifying discourse to score the "beautiful Gunnings," and Mrs. Donellan has no scruples about ingratiating herself by barefaced abuse of Richardson's rival, Fielding. The most attractive of these worshippers is Mrs. Klopstock, the wife of the author of the 'Messiah.' Her letter describing her own falling-in-love and married life is exquisitely ingenuous and tender.

It is in the exhibition of Richardson's hatred of Fielding, dislike for Pope, and, indeed, for all reputable literary contemporaries, that Mr. Dobson's unsympathetic view shines out clearly. Doubtless Richardson had a contemptible fear that the prize of distinction won so late in life might be wrested from him, but he was old and nervous and thoroughly a person of the middle class, and, more than all, the novel was his discovery. Mr. Dobson makes little allowance for very natural failings, takes pains to point out his author's avidity for flattery of the grossest sort, and dwells upon his childish joy in the notice of persons of superior social position. He, indeed, devotes two or three pages to arguing that Richardson's great acquaintances were not nearly so great as he imagined. Mr. Dobson's literary criticism is of the accepted order, and, as in characterization, he lays more stress on obvious defects than on distinguished merits.

Letters from the East, 1837-1857. By H. J. Ross. London: Dent & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1902. Pp. xiv, 332.

From a son-in-law of Lady Duff Gordon it somehow seems only right to receive vivid and pointed letters, and in a man whom Sir Stratford Canning picked out as

having a future in Eastern politics, business ability and clear observation might safely be expected. So these letters, while without any literary pretensions, are singularly direct and picturesque, and the writer himself is an excellent example of the men whose practical genius built up English trade in the Levant, and whose Oriental sympathies and insight watched English interests there as consuls.

The book begins with a reminiscence of Disraeli at Malta in 1832, accompanied by N. P. Willis and "dressed in a silk dressing-gown with a guitar suspended by a broad ribbon round his neck," and ends with a picture of Mr. Ross in his old days in his Florentine villa, telling tales of the East and cultivating orchids. The pity is that the tale-telling did not reach more permanent form, and that all we now have of it is this tiny bundle of letters stretching loosely through a couple of decades. These record his wanderings, partly as merchant, partly as consular officer, through Asia Minor, down as far as Bagdad and Egypt and up to the Crimea. The time is that golden period for the fortune-maker immediately preceding and following the Crimean war. He was lucky, too, in place. He was at Mosul during Layard's first excavations; went through the Tiyary mountains after the Nestorian massacre, forgotten now, but full of trouble in its day; was thereafter in business at Samsoön under the stimulus of the Crimean war; later, had charge of the auctioning off of the baggage animals gathered for the English army, travelling for the purpose from Samsoön across the mountains into Syria.

In all the letters there is a singular richness of contemporary and permanent value; little of the commonplace; even less that time has disproved. Few letters could stand this test better. The war in the Crimea, with its criminal blundering and neglect, and, finally, the extraordinary arising to the crisis in the end, so characteristic of England; the paper character of the *Hatti Humayun*, and the change of the Turkish attitude with the withdrawal of the allied armies; the certain wealth of the country under any decent government, and the absolute necessity of consuls scattered through it if any reforms were to be carried out—all stand out clearly, especially the last. Mr. Ross magnifies the consular office and evidently with right. Some things here would almost seem to be written in the light of the Armenian disasters which followed Mr. Gladstone's cheese-paring withdrawal of the consuls placed there under the Treaty of Berlin. On only one point a difference must be marked. In the fifties, apparently, there was little if any of the pan-Islamic spirit which is now so growingly powerful. The Turks of Asia Minor would hardly now invite occupation of the country by England.

But there are lighter things. We have Paul Botta most libellously portrayed with opium and mad reports; the Rev. Percy Badger parading the streets of Mosul in many-colored raiment, and showing the natives how the English clergy dress; the last of the knights of Malta, in a green coat and silk stockings; and Mrs. Digby, the divorced wife of Lord Ellenborough, living in mingled state at Damascus, and trying her last matrimonial experiment with an Arab Sheykh. From first to last, this is a brilliant and delightful book.

A History and Description of English Porcelain. By William Burton, F.C.S. Containing twenty-four plates in colors, together with eleven plates of marks printed in colors and gold, and numerous illustrations. London: Cassell & Co.; New York: A. Wessels Co. 1902.

It is very unusual to meet with an intelligent book on the ceramic art, or any special department of it. The great number of handbooks and descriptive treatises, lists of "marks and monograms," of treatises on the "arts of clay," and on the decorative treatment of clay vessels, is not yet sufficiently great to include more than two or three books written with abundant knowledge and still in a thorough and considerate fashion. Such a book we have now in Burton's account of English porcelain, and, in spite of the unattractive pictures, it is an important book to possess and a most instructive book to study. Even as to the pictures, made either by the three-color process, as yet only half-understood by most of those who utilize it, or by the half-tone process, not very perfectly managed, they are authentic. They show to the trained observer what the original pieces must be like. Through the feeble gradations of the black-and-white print, or the really disagreeable combinations of raw primitive colors in the chromatic print, there is to be seen, by those who have become at all familiar with such porcelain, much of the quality and character of the piece. We see where the lips of a statuette are painted too strong and pronounced a red, where the eye-brows are pencilled much too hard and sharp, where the ear-ring clings to the cheek and shows too plainly as a mere relief touched with gold. We see that the border of the Coalport plate is laid on in strong blue with medallions left in white, each of which is filled by a picture of one of the barbaric "jewels" of Russian orders of honor. We see, always with the help of the descriptive text, just what is the character of the Derby plate, painted by Askew, with a realistically treated group of children playing with lambs. All of that we see in the black-and-white prints; as for the colored plates, they tell their story with a visible verity as uncompromising as disagreeable. A richly colored piece of English porcelain is not often a dream of delight to one who has frequented the school of Oriental porcelain or of Levantine glazed pottery, or of eighteenth-century French faience; the islander's work is apt to be hard and crude, and the respect shown this and that master of ceramic decoration in England no longer seems exaggerated when his achievements are compared with those of ordinary English makers.

Still dwelling on the illustrations and on the wares which they represent, there are one or two exceptional pieces, or varieties, which may be named. Thus, the last plate but one gives a group of ruby and *sang-de-bœuf* vases by Bernard Moore of Longton, a living artist, for a knowledge of whose name and productions we have to thank Mr. Burton. Plate XXIII. and figure 85 give specimens of that *pâte-sur-pâte* work of M. L. Solon, which that famous artist has executed for the Minton establishment during the last twenty years, and in this case at least the colored plate gives a good idea of the appearance and decorative character of the not common method of

painting in slip, as well as the hard facts concerning the shape and general color-scheme of the piece. These are recent wares. The magnificent covered vase of Worcester porcelain which is here called a "tea-poy" (by which term the world of collectors denotes generally a little table), and which is shown in Plate XVI., is calculated to raise one's general ideas of the artistic value of English ceramics. Plate XIX. shows two admirable cups and saucers of fine old Bristol ware, collectors' treasures, if there ever were any; and a whole series of the uncolored figures presents perhaps a sufficient representative selection of the table ornaments, the little statuettes and groups with or without elaborate flower accompaniments, rocks and trees, and the like, which are seen here to have been quite characteristic of certain of the many English porcelain factories of old time.

This account of the illustrations may serve to set forth the contents of the work, which will be found upon examination to be very logically arranged. A quite complete system of cross-references, and these not to the text only but also to the illustrations even when they are directly opposite the description, increases the general appearance of careful preparation—a thing which is rare in books on decorative art of any sort. In the present work, however, this is only the completing of what is undertaken in a thorough way, and so conducted from the beginning to the end. The satisfactory assurances with which the undue claims of Lowestoft are brushed aside, the serious criticism given to the much over-praised decoration of the Worcester pieces of supposed Oriental design, and many such rewarding discoveries which await him who will read these pages carefully, are only to be surpassed by the account given in Chapters I., II., and III. of porcelain itself, its peculiarities of material and manufacture, its attempted production in continental Europe and in England, and its many modifications in later times. Read those chapter and follow them up by Chapter XV., in which are described the "Glassy Porcelains of the Nineteenth Century," and you will know more about the chief of all ceramic wares than was known before the appearance of this book to any except some life-long student, such as Mr. Burton himself.

A very brief glossary completes the treatise, because, though there are too few titles given, yet they are greatly needed—their explanation being hardly discoverable in the dictionaries, general or special; and because both terms and definitions are so evidently the work of one who knows the subject practically. There are references from the glossary to the body of the work, and all that could be wished for it is greater completeness on the same lines.

The Diamond Mines of South Africa: Some Account of their Rise and Development. By Gardner F. Williams, M.A., General Manager of De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited. The Macmillan Co. 1902.

In nineteen chapters, Mr. Williams tells the story of diamonds, diamond seeking, cutting, and polishing, from legendary times down through historical periods, ending with the method of operating the consolidated mines of South Africa of to-day. The first chapter, "The Ancient Adamás," gives

an illustrated description of some of the famous gems for which wars have been waged and dynasties overturned; and the adventures through which these historical diamonds have passed, their travels, loss, and recovery, seem, in the telling, like extracts from the Arabian Nights. The illustrations of the gems in this chapter give a good idea of their shape and actual size, but the facets are not well shown, being quite indistinct.

In chapter II., "Traditional Ophir Land," Mr. Williams collects and discusses a large body of legend, tradition, and history in attempting to locate King Solomon's mines, the home of Queen of Sheba and the legendary land of Ophir, and his conclusion is probably correct, that the gold poured so lavishly into the coffers of the King of Israel came from southeastern Africa, north of the Limpopo River in modern Rhodesia; Ophir being merely the port on the southern coast of Arabia through which the gold brought by sea to that point was distributed.

"The Pioneer Advance," chapter III., is a picturesque account of the state of South Africa, the rigidly unchanging character of the sparse Dutch population, set amid Guinea slaves and barbarous native tribes, their deep resentment at British control, their exodus through an unknown wilderness into a country populous with savages ready and strong to resist intrusion. Chapter IV. relates the story of a discovery, apparently unimportant, but with consequences completely altering the destiny of South Africa. In 1867 a diamond was picked up on the bank of the Orange River, weighing twenty-one and a half carats, bought afterwards by the Governor of Cape Colony, Sir Philip Wodehouse, for five hundred pounds sterling; and the finding of this stone was the actual beginning of conditions leading to the final clash between the English and Dutch in Africa, the destruction of two republics, and the addition of their territory to the British empire. By the rush which quickly ensued to the Orange and Vaal Rivers, the slow-moving Dutch farmer, with ideas belonging rather to the fifteenth than to the twentieth century, whose dream of prosperity was completely realized in the possession of troops of children, numerous slaves, and flocks and herds covering every kopje and valley of the desolate veld he claimed as his farmstead, was brought into direct contact with an eager, striving, bustling people, knowing little of and caring less for the deliberate, plodding, Dutch way of attaining Dutch success. It was inevitable that a conflict should come; it was equally inevitable that the fifteenth century should give way to the tumultuous onset of the twentieth. Mr. Williams exhibits the continual difficulties besetting the miners while they clung to the old fashion of open mining—the falling in of the walls (or "reef") surrounding the mines, to be removed at an expense of millions from the diamond-bearing ground by British indomitableness. Especially interesting is his estimate (p. 274) of the character of the two men, Cecil John Rhodes and Barnett Barnato, who were the principal movers in the exceedingly difficult and delicate task of gaining control of the innumerable small claims in the mines, in order to consolidate the whole under one company and head, so that work could be carried on at much less expense and far greater profit. In a few masterly touches both of these strong and

in a sense "necessary" men are set before the reader, and their similar and unlike traits of character brought out clearly and simply.

Chapter XIX., "An Uplifting Power," shows what an irresistible impulse the finding of diamonds gave to every industry in South Africa. The inflocking of multitudes of gem-seekers necessitated the carrying of supplies of all kinds in ever increasing quantities; from this necessity came railways and better common roads, and by means of these civilization spread from Cape Colony a long way toward central Africa and the equator. A graphic description of the siege of Kimberley will be found in the appendix. It reads like a chapter from Motley's 'Rise of the Dutch Republic.' The same invincible courage, a like inability to imagine defeat or surrender in spite of apparently inadequate means of defence, animated the defenders of Kimberley as they did the garrisons of Alkmaar and Leyden. The miners were drilled into soldiers, and the mechanics became skilled makers of ordnance. The mounds of tailings from the washing mills were occupied by redoubts, and dynamite mines were planted at their bases. The bombardment began on November 6, 1899, and continued for one hundred and twenty-four days.

Mr. Williams's book contains a mass of authoritative information, historical and technical, arranged in a form very convenient for reference.

Mediæval Stories. By Prof. H. Schück. Translated from the Swedish by W. F. Harvey. Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. London: Sands & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902. Pp. i-xviii., 1-321.

Mediæval stories are now apparently more popular among us than they have been for centuries. One collection follows another rapidly in varying style; yet nobody shows any disposition to cry enough. And naturally so, for an alluring glamour has ever surrounded ancient fable, and the tales of the Middle Ages reveal to us the charm of the poetic life that men then lived. Properly considered, they are valuable, not merely as a wholesome stimulus to the imaginations of the young (for whose reading they are nowadays chiefly prepared), but also as records worthy of serious consideration by learned men. It is in ignorance or unwisdom that students of literature and history have often treated them with disregard; for they reflect now, as formerly they helped to establish, romantic ideals of conduct which continuously and long affected national tendency, and not infrequently determined political issues.

In preparing the collection before us, Professor Schück, an eminent Swedish critic, was actuated by a desire to restore to the youth of his land some of the famous tales once widely current there, though not of Swedish origin, and chose for his purpose the following, which he freely recast: "Flores and Blancheflor," "Duke Frederick," "Karl and Alegast," "The Journey to Constantinople," "Roland," "The Seven Wise Masters" (a collection in itself of fifteen stories, not all primitive), and "Amicus and Amelius." No reason is manifest, except the translator's convenience, for

perpetuating this particular book in English. The stories are excellent; they should be familiar to English readers; they are pleasantly told by Professor Schück, and, on the whole, well translated; but it were preferable for us to have them either in their best available forms or in native English redactions. As it is, the round-about process of their production has led to an unfortunate situation, which should have been avoided. Names of well-known heroes confront us disagreeably in Swedish disguise. It is a pity for children to become acquainted with the Knight of the Lion by the corrupted name of John instead of Yvain (Owen), or to learn to call Amicus and Amelius the sworn brothers whom we are familiar with as Amis and Amiloun (Amiles); and it is quite indefensible to tell them stories of Karl the Great instead of Charlemagne. Had a volume of the same tales (interesting all of them, and some nowhere else easily accessible in popular form) been collected from purer versions, we should have welcomed it more cordially; still, the book as we have it will do good service, and may be commended to our readers.

Round the Horn before the Mast. By Basil Lubbock. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The success of Mr. W. Clark Russell's marine stories has inspired much writing among the many equipped with a practical or theoretical knowledge of sea life. In most cases the imagination is largely drawn upon to eke out an impoverished store of facts. There are two exceptions to this assertion: the one, Captain Slocum's 'Around the World in a Yawl,' and the other Mr. Lubbock's 'Round the Horn before the Mast.' Each of these offers indisputable evidence of being a truthful recital of personal experiences; condensed from carefully kept records rather than enlarged from slender resources and with painful effort in order to satisfy commercial exigencies.

Mr. Lubbock's book is the work of an Englishman of roving impulse and an adventurous past. After exploring the Klondike, apparently without profit, he comes to San Francisco, where he is filled with a desire to ship before the mast and witness sea life in all its dangers and hardships. To this end he signs on board the four-masted steel barque *Royalshire*, bound from San Francisco for Liverpool. Mr. Lubbock had had no previous experience of sea life beyond that gained on sailing-yachts in smooth waters; consequently he shipped as a green hand or landsman, and with full knowledge of the perils which awaited him in that capacity on a deep-water square-rigger. Among his other accomplishments he appears to include photography, if we may judge from the character of the illustrations which accompany the letterpress. Among these are two or three pictures of ships at sea under full sail, coming bow on. One, which will prove of particular interest to the deep-water sailor, is a view taken from the after or poop deck representing shifting-sail in preparation for hard weather in rounding Cape Horn.

The narrative of life before the mast on the long voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool leaves nothing unrecorded. For details and incidents we must refer our

readers to the book. There is mentioned, casually, one happening—condensed in a brief paragraph—which would almost furnish a plot for the imaginative sea story as it comes to us in these days. This was a sailor's loss of a full set of false teeth, rolled out of his mouth while aloft on the main upper topsail yard. Some old down-east skippers were so provided, but never before have we heard of a man before the mast venturing aloft with such a necessary and useful personal possession in his mouth. While Mr. Lubbock's book will interest adults, it will prove irresistibly attractive and instructive to youths who have romantic notions in regard to the free and joyous life of him who follows the sea.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Boulton, Ella N. The Romance of Cinderella. R. H. Russell.
 Carlyle, Thomas. The French Revolution. Edited by C. R. L. Fletcher. 3 vols. London: Methuen & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Dalliba, Gerda. Fate and I, and Other Poems. The Grafton Press.
 Fraps, G. S. Principles of Dyeing. Macmillan. \$1.60.
 Glauser, Charles. French Commercial Correspondence. Edited by W. M. Poole. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.
 Guttmacher, Adolf. Optimism and Pessimism in the Old and New Testaments. Baltimore: The Friedenwald Company.
 Hand in Hand. London: Elkin Mathews; New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.
 Hope, Linton. Small Yacht Construction and Rigging. Forest and Stream Pub. Co. \$3.
 Hunt, Gaillard. The Life of James Madison. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$2.50.
 King, Basil. In the Garden of Charity. Harpers. \$1.50.
 Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald, Vol. III. Edited by W. A. Wright. Macmillan. \$3.

Lillenthal, Hermann. Some Actors in Our Lord's Passion. Thomas Whitaker. 80 cents.
 Manley, Frederick, and Hailmann, W. N. The English Language. Boston: C. C. Birchard & Co. 75 cents.
 Marillier, H. C. University Magazines and their Makers. H. W. Bell.
 Martialis Epigrammata. Edited by W. M. Lindsay. (Oxford Texts.) Henry Frowde.
 Myers, A. C. Sally Wister's Journal. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach. \$2.
 Paget, Stephen. Experiments on Animals. New ed. London: John Murray; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.
 Peake, E. E. The Pride of Telfair. Harpers.
 Shakspeare, William. A Midsummer Night's Dream. (Riverside Literature Series.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 15 cents.
 Shute, H. A. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Boston: The Everett Press.
 Talbot, Grace. Much-Married Saints and Some Sinners. The Grafton Press.
 Wheeler, Candace. Principles of Home Decoration. Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.80.
 Worsfold, W. B. The Principles of Criticism. New ed. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.12.
 Zola, Emile. Truth, Translated by E. A. Vizetelly. John Lane.

MESSRS. HENRY HOLT & CO. will issue early in March a notable play by MARGARET L. WOODS, author of *A Village Tragedy*, and entitled *The Princess of Hanover*. Mr. Hardy has called this play "the book I have read with most interest and pleasure in the year," and the *London Times* says "It reminds us at every turn of some of the best Elizabethan dramatists."

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